

# HERO And LEANDER:

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Begun by  
Christopher Marloe,  
and finished by  
George Chapman.

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*Ut Neclat, Ingenium.*

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MVSEVM  
BRITAN  
NICVM

LONDON:

Printed by N. Oakes for William Leake, and are  
sold at his shop in Chancery-lane neere

Roulet. 1637.

"A book entitled Hero and Leander being  
an amorous poem devised by Christ.  
Marlowe" was entered at Stationers  
Hall by John Wolfe September 8. 1593.  
He wrote besides a poem called

Hero & Leander, whose mighty lines  
Mr Benjamin Johnson, a man sen-  
sible enough of his own abilities, was  
often heard to say, that they were  
examples rather fitter for imita-  
tion than for parallel.



Preface to Bosworth's poems.

This poem must have been prin-  
ted before 1600 - for it is often  
cited in a collection entitled  
"England's Parnassus" printed that  
year - Form p. 379 of that work

it appears that Marlowe wrote but  
the two first sections & a small  
part of the third; for the passage  
describing Ceremony, beginning at  
the 105<sup>th</sup> line of the 3<sup>d</sup> section is  
then given to Chapman.

Chapman mentions an edition of this  
poem in 1606. - Together  
with the first book of Lucan. 8.





TO  
THE RIGHT  
VVorshipfull, Sir  
THOMAS VVALSINGHAM  
Knight.

*This was I believe  
the dedication to the  
edition of the first  
part of the Marston, printed  
at London, in 1593.*

**S**IR, we thinke our selves dis-  
charged of the duty we owe to our  
friend, wher wee have brought  
the breathlesse body to the earth;  
for albeit the eye there taketh  
his farewell of that beloved object, yet the im-  
pression of the man, that hath beene deare unto us,  
living an after life in our memory, there putteth  
us in minde of other obsequies due unto the decea-

# The Epitile Dedicatory.

sed: And namely, of the performance of whatso-  
ever we may iudge shall make to his living cre-  
dit, and to the effecting of his determinations pre-  
vented by the stroak of death. By these meditati-  
ons (as by an intellectuall will) I suppose my selfe  
Executor to the unhappy deceased Author of this  
Poem, upon whom, knowing in his life time you  
bestowed many kinde favours, entertaining the  
parts of reckoning and worth which you found in  
him, with good countenance and liberall affection,  
I cannot but see so farre into the will of him dead,  
that whatsoever issue of his braine should chance  
to come abroad, that the first breath it should take,  
might be the gentle Aire of your liking: for since  
his selfe had beene accustomed thereto, it would  
prove more agreeable and thriving to his right  
children, than any other foster countenance what-  
soever. At this time, seeing that this unfinished  
Tragedy happens under my hand to be imprinted,  
of double duty, the one to your selfe, the other to  
the deceased: I present the same to your most fa-  
vourable allowance, offering my utmost selfe now  
and ever to be ready at your Worships disposing.

From this dedication it appears  
that there had been an edition of that part  
of this poem which was written by Marlowe  
shortly after his death, which happened  
in 1593. See the entry at Stationers Hall at top  
of the next page.




# HERO AND LEANDER

## The Argument of the first

S E T T I N G

**H**eroes description, and her love,  
The Phane of Venus where he moves  
His worthy Love suit, and attains;  
Whose blisse, the wrath of fates restraines:  
For Cupids grace to Mercury,  
Which Tale, the Author doth imply.

 **N** Hellespont guilty of true Loves blood,  
In view and opposite two cities stood,  
Seaborderers, dis-joynd by Neptunes might;  
The one *Abidos*, th' other *Sestos* neight.  
At *Sestos* *Hero* dwelt, *Hero* the faire,  
Whom yong *Apollo* courted for her haire,  
And offered as a dower his burning throne,  
Where she should sit for men to gaze upon.  
The out-side of her garments were of Lawne,  
The linnen purple filke, with guilt stars drawne,  
Her wide sleeves greene, and bordered with a grove,  
Where *Venus* in her naked glory strove,  
To please the careless and disdainfull eyes

## Hero and Leander.

Of proud *Adonis* that before her lyes:  
Her Kirtle blew, whereon was many a stayne;  
Made with the blood of wretched Lovers flayne.  
Vpon her head shee wore a myrtle Wreath,  
From whence her vaile reacht to the ground beneath.  
Her vaile was artificiall flowers and leaves,  
Whose workmanship both man and Beast deceiues.  
Many would prayse the sweet smell as shee past,  
When 'twas the odour which her breath forth cast.  
And there for honey, Bees have sought in vaine,  
And beat from thence, have lighted there againe.  
About her necke hung chaynes of peble stone,  
Which lightned by her necke, like Dyamonds shone.  
Shee ware no gloves, for neyther Sunne nor Wind,  
Would burne or parch her hands; but to her mind,  
Or warme or coole them: for they tooke delight  
To play vpon those hands, they were so white:  
Buskins or shels all siluered, used shee,  
And brancht with blushing Corall to the knee,  
Where Sparowes pearch't, of hollow pearle and gold,  
Such as the World would wene'er to behold:  
Those with sweet water oft her hand mayd fil,  
Which as she went would cherup through the bits.  
Some say, for her the fairest *Cupid* pin'd;  
And looking in her face, was stricken blind.  
But this is true, so like was one the other,  
As he imagin'd *Hero* was his mother:  
And oftentimes into her bosome flew,  
About her naked necke his bare armes threw,  
And layd his childish head vpon her brest,  
And with still panting rocke there tooke his rest,  
So lovely faire was *Hero*, *Venus* Nun,  
As Nature wept, thinking shee was undone.

Because



## Hero and Leander.

Because she took more from her then she left,  
And of such wondrous beauty her bereft;  
Therefore in signe her treasure suffered wracke,  
Since *Heroes* time hath halfe the world beene blacke.  
Amorous *Leander*, beautifull and young,  
(Whose Tragedy divine *Musaeus* sung)  
Dwelt at *Abides*, since him dwelt there none,  
For whom, succeeding times make greater mone.  
His dandling tresses that were never shorne,  
Had they beene cut, and unto *Colchos* borne,  
Would have allured the ventrous youth of *Greece*,  
To hazzard more than for the golden seece.  
Fairst *Cynthia* with his armes might be her sphere:  
Griefe makes her pale, because she moves nor there.  
His body was as straight as *Circes* wand,  
*Iove* might have fopt out *Neftor* from his hand:  
Even as delicious meate is to the taste  
So was his necke in touching, and surpast  
The white of *Pelops* shoulder: I could tell yee  
How smooth his breast was, and how white his belly,  
And whose immortall fingers did imprint  
That heavenly path, with many a curious dint  
That runs along his backe; but my rude pen  
Can hardly blazon forth the loves of men.  
Much lesse of powerfull gods, let it suffice,  
That my slacke Muse must fling of *Leanders* eyes.  
These orient cheekes and lips, exceeding his  
That leapt into the water for a kisse  
Of his owne shadow, and despising many,  
Dyed ere he could enjoy the love of any.  
Had wilde *Hippolytus* *Leander* seene,  
Enamoured of his beauty had he beene,  
His presence made the rudest passant meet,

That

## Hero and Leander.

That in the vast uplandish Countrey dwelt,  
The bo'r'rous *Thracian* souldier mov'd with thought,  
Was mov'd with him, and for his favour sought.  
Some swore he was a maid in mans attire,  
For in his lookes were all that men desire,  
A pleasant smiling cheek, a speaking eye,  
A brow for Love to banquet royally,  
And such as knew he was a man, would say,  
*Leander*, thou art made for amorous play,  
Why art thou not in love, and lov'd of all?  
Though thou be faire, yet be not thine owne thrall.  
The men of wealthy *Sestos* every yeare,  
For his sake whom their goddesse held so deare,  
Role-checkt *Adonis* kept a solemne feast,  
Thither resorted many a wandred guest,  
To meet their loves; such as had none at all,  
Came lovers home from this great festivall.  
For every street like to a Firmament,  
Glistred with breathing stars, who, where they went,  
Frighted the Melancholly earth which deem'd it wofull  
Eternall heaven to burne, for so it seem'd;  
As if another *Phaeton* had got  
The guidance of the Suns rich Chariot.  
But farre above the loveliest *Hero* shin'd,  
And stole oway th'enchanted gazers minde;  
For like Sea-nymphes inveigling harmony,  
So was her beauty to the standers by.  
Nor that night-wandering pale and watry starre,  
(When yawning Dragons drew her thirling carre,  
From *Latmus* mount up to the gloomy sky,  
Where crown'd with blazing light and Majesty  
She proudly sits) more over-rules the flood,  
Then she the hearts of those that neare her stood.  
Even



## Hero and Leander.

Even as when gaudy Nymphes pursue the chase,  
Wretched *Ixions* shaggy-footed race,  
Inceft with favage heate, gallop amaine,  
From steep Pine-bearing mountains to the Plaine:  
So ranne the people forth to gaze upon her,  
And all that view'd her, were enamour'd on her.  
And as in fury of a dreadfull fight,  
Their fellows being flaine or put to flight,  
Poore soldiers stand with feare of death dead strooken,  
So at her prefence all surpriz'd and tooken,  
Awaite the fentence of her scornfull eyes:  
He whom ſhe favours lives, the other dyes.  
There might you ſee one figh, another rage,  
And ſome (their violent paſſions to aſſwage)  
Compile ſharpe Satyres, but alaffe too late,  
For faithfull love will never turne to hate,  
And many ſeeing great Princes were decayed,  
Pin'd as they went, and thinking on her, dyed.  
On this feaſt day, O curſed day and houre,  
Went *Hero* thorow *Sestos*, from hertowre  
To *Venus* Temple, where unhappily,  
As after chanc'd, they did each other ſpy,  
So faire a Church as this had *Venus* none,  
The walls were of diſcoloured Iasper ſtone,  
Wherein was *Proteus* carv'd, and over head  
A lively Vine of greene ſea agget ſpread,  
Whereby one hand light-headed *Bacchus* hung,  
And with the other, Wine from grapes out-wrung.  
Of Chryſtall ſhining faire the pavement was,  
The towne of *Sestos* call'd it *Venus* glaſſe;  
There might you ſee the gods in ſundry ſhapes,  
Committing heady ryots, inceſt, rapes,  
For know that underneath this radiant flower

## Hero and Leander.

Was Danae: statue in a brazen tower,  
Iove filly stealing from his sisters bed,  
To dally with *Idalian Ganimed*;  
And for his love *Europa* bellowing lowd,  
And tumbling with the Rain-bow in a cloud;  
Blood-quaffing *Mars* heaving the iron net,  
VVhich limping *Vulcan* and his *Cyclops* set:  
Love kindling fire to burne such townes as *Troy*,  
*Silvanus* weeping for the lovely boy,  
That now is turn'd into a Cypres tree,  
Vnder whose shade the VVood-gods love to be,  
And in the midst a silver altar stood,  
There *Hero* sacrificing Turtles blood,  
Tayl'd to the ground, vailing her eye-lids close,  
And modestly they opened as she rose.  
Thence flew Loves arrow with the golden head:  
And thus *Leander* was enamoured.  
Stone-still he stood, and evermore he gazed,  
Till with the fire that from his count'nance blazed,  
Relenting *Heroes* gentle heart was strooke:

*Such force and vertue hath an amorous looke.*

It lies not in our power to love or hate—  
For will in us is over-ru'd by Fate.  
VVhen two are stript long ere the course beginne,  
VVe wish that one should lose, the other winne.  
And one especially doe we affect,  
Of two gold Ingots like in each respect;  
The reason no man knowes: let it suffice,  
VVhat we behold is censur'd by our eyes.  
VVhere both deliberate, the love is flight.  
VVho ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?  
He kneeld, but unto her devoutly prayd:  
Chaste *Hero* to her selfe thus softly said;

VVere



## Hero and Leander.

VVere I the Saint he worships, I would beare him;  
And as she spake these words came something near him;  
He started up, the blusht as one asham'd,  
Wherewith *Leander* much more was inflam'd.  
He toucht her hand, in touching it, she trembled:  
*Love deeply ground hardly is dissembled.*  
These Lovers parled by the touch of hands,  
True love is mute, and oft amazed stands.  
Thus while dumb signes their yeelding harts intangled,  
The aire with sparkes of living fire was spangled,  
And night deepe drencht in mistie *Acheron*,  
Heav'd up her head, and halfe the world upon,  
Breath'd darknesse forth, (darke night is *Cupids* day)  
And now begins *Leander* to display  
Loves holy fire, with words, with sighes, and teares,  
VVhich like sweete musicke entred *Heroes* eares.  
And yet at every word she turn'd aside,  
And alwayes cut him off as he replide.  
At last, like to a bold sharpe Sophister,  
With cheerefull hope thus he accosted her:  
Faire creature let me speake without offence,  
I would my rude words had the influence,  
To lead thy thoughts as thy faire lookes doe mine,  
Then shouldst thou be his prisoner who is thine.  
Be not unkinde and faire: mishapen stuffe  
Are of behaviour boysterous and ruffe.  
O shunne me not, but heare me ere you goe,  
God knowes I cannot force love as you doe.  
My words shall be as spotlesse as my youth,  
Full of simplicity and naked truth.  
This sacrifice (whose sweet perfume descending,  
From *Venus* Altar to your foot-steps bending)  
Doth testifie that you exceede her farre

## Hero and Leander. II

To whom you offer, and whose Nunne you are,  
Why should you worship her? her you surpass,  
As much as sparkling Diamonds, flaring glasse.  
A Diamond set in Lead, his worth retaines:  
A heav'nly Nymph belov'd of humane swaines,  
Receives no blemish, but oft. times more grace;  
Which makes me hope, although I am but base;  
Base, in respect of thee divine and pure,  
Dutifull service may thy love procure:  
And I in duty will excell all other,  
As thou in beauty dost exceede Loves mother.  
Nor heav'n, nor thou were made to gaze upon,  
As heav'n preserves all things, so save thou one.  
A stately builded ship, well rigg'd and tall,  
The Ocean maketh more majesticall:  
Why vowst thou then to live in *Sestos* here,  
Who on Loves seas more glorious wouldst appeare?  
Like untun'd golden strings, all women are;  
Which long time lye untoucht, will harshly jarre.  
Vessels of Brasse, oft handled, brightly shine:  
What difference betweene the richest Mine,  
And basest mould, but use? for both, not us'd,  
Are of like worth. Then treasure is abus'd,  
When misers keepe it; being put to lone,  
In time it will returne us two for one.  
Rich robes, themselves and others doe adorne,  
Neither themselves nor others, if not worne.  
Who builds a Palace, and rams up the gate,  
Shall see it ruinous and desolate.  
Ah simple *Hero*, learne thy selfe to cherish:  
Lone women like to empty houses perish;  
Lesse fins the poore. rich man that starves himselfe,  
In heaping up a Masse of droffie pelfe,

Then



## Hero and Leander.

Then such as you his golden earth remains,  
Which after his discafe some other gaines.  
But this faire Lemme sweet in the loffe alone,  
When you fleet hence can be bequeath'd to none:  
Or if it could, downe from the enamel'd sky,  
All heaven would come to claime this legacy;  
And with intestine broyles the world destroy,  
And quite confound Natures sweet harmony.  
Well therefore by the gods decreed it is,  
We humane creatures should enjoy that bliffe:  
One is no number: Maides are nothing then,  
Without the sweet society of Men.  
Wilt thou live single still: one shalt thou be,  
Though never-singling *Hymen* couple thee.  
Wilde Savages that drinke of running springs,  
Thinke water farre excels all earthly things;  
But they that daily taste sweet wine despise it;  
Virginity, albeit some highly prize it,  
Compar'd with marriage, had you try'd them both,  
Differs as much as Wine and water doth.  
Base bullion for the stamperes sake we allow,  
Even so for mens impressions doe we you,  
By which alone, our reverend Fathers say,  
Women receive perfection every way.  
This Idoll which you terme Virginity,  
Is neither essence subject to the eye,  
No, nor to any one exterior sence,  
Nor hath it any place of residence.  
Nor is't of earth or mould celestiall,  
Or capable of any forme at all.  
Of that which hath no being doe not boast:  
Things that are not at all are never lost.  
Men foolishly doe call it vertuous:

## Hero and Leander.

What vertue is it that is borne with use  
Much lesse can honour be ascrib'd thereto,  
Honour is purchas'd by the deeds we doe.  
Belleeve me *Hero*, honour is not wonne,  
Vntill some honourable deede be done.  
Seeke you for chastity, immortall fame,  
And know that some have wrong'd *Dianas* name,  
Whose name is it, if she be false or not,  
So she be faire, but some vile tongues will blot:  
But you are faire (ay me) so wondrous faire,  
So young, so gentle, and so debonaire,  
As *Greece* will thinke, if thus you live alone,  
Some one or other keepes you as his owne.  
Then *Hero* hate me not, nor from me fly,  
To follow swiftly blasting infamy:  
Perhaps thy sacred Priest-hood makes thee loath:  
Tell me to whom thou mad'st that heedlesse oath:

To *Venus* answered she: and as she spake,  
Forth from those two tralucet cisternes brake  
A streame of liquid pearle, which downe her face  
Made milk-white pathes, wheron the gods might trace  
To *Ioves* high Court: He thus replide: The rites  
In which Loves beauteous Empresse most delights,  
Are banquets, Doricke musicke, midnight revell,  
Playes, Maskes, and all that sterne age counteth evill.  
Thee as a holy Ideot doth she scorne,  
For thou in vowing chastity hast sworne,  
To rob her name and honour, and thereby  
Committ'st a sinne farre worse than perjury,  
Even sacriledge against her Deity,  
Through regular and formall purity.  
To expiate which sinne, kisse, and shake hands,  
Such sacrifice as this *Venus* demands.

There.



## Hero and Leander.

Thereat she smil'd, and did deny him so,  
As put thereby, yet might he hope for more,  
Which makes him quickly re-enforce his speech,  
And her in humble manner thus beseech,  
Though neither Gods nor men may thee deserve,  
Yet for her sake whom you have vow'd to serve,  
Abandon fruitlesse cold virginity,  
The gentle Queene of Loves sole enemy,  
Then shall you most resemble *Venus* Nunne,  
When *Venus* sweete rites are perform'd and done.  
Flint-breasted *Pallas* joyes in single life,  
But *Pallas* and your Mistris are at strife,  
Love *Hero* then, and be not tyrannous,  
But heale the heart that thou hast wounded thus,  
Nor staine thy youthfull yeares with avarice.  
Faire fooles delight to be accounted nice.  
The richest Corne dyes if it be not reapt,  
Beauty alone is lost, too warily kept.  
These arguments he us'd, and many more,  
Wherewith she yeelded that was wonne before,  
*Heroes* lookes yeelded, but her words made warre,  
Women are won, when they beginne to jarre.  
Thus having swallow'd *Cupids* golden hooke,  
The more she striv'd, the deeper was she strooke.  
Yet evilly faining anger, strove she still,  
And woud be thought to grant against her will:  
So having paus'd a while, at last she said,  
Who taught thee Rhetoricke to deceive a maid?  
Ay me, such words as these should I abhor,  
And yet I like them for the Orator,  
With that *Leander* stoopt to have embrac'd her,  
But from his spreading armes away she cast her,  
And thus bespake him: Gentle youth, forbear

## Hero and Leander.

To touch the sacred garments which I weare.  
Upon a rocke, and underneath a hill,  
Farre from the towne (where all is whist and still,  
Save that the sea playing upon yellow sand,  
Sends forth a rattling murmure to the land:  
Whose sound allures the golden *Morpheus*,  
In silence of the night to visit us.)  
My turret stands, and there God knowes I play  
V Vith *Venus* swannes, and sparrowes all the day;  
A dwarfish beldam keepes me company,  
That hops about the chamber where I lye;  
And spends the night (that might be better spent)  
In vaine discourse, and apish merriment,  
Come thither: As she spake this, her tongue tript,  
For unawares (*Come hither*) from her slip,  
And suddenly her former colour chang'd,  
And here, and there her eyes through anger rang'd,  
And like a Planet moving severall wayes,  
At one selfe instant, she poore soule assaies,  
Loving, not to love at all, and every part  
Strove to resist the motions of her heart,  
And hands so pure, so innocent, nay such,  
As might have made heaven stoope to have a touch,  
Did she up hold to *Venus*, and againe,  
Vow'd spotlesse chastity, but all in vaine,  
*Cupid* beates downe her prayers with his wings,  
Her vows above the empty aire he flings,  
All deepe enrag'd, his finewie bow he bent,  
And shot a shaft, that burning from him went,  
Wherewith she stroken lookt so dolefully,  
As made Love sigh to see his tyranny.  
And as she wept her teares to pearle he turn'd,  
And wound them on his arme, and for her mourn'd,  
Then



## Hero and Leander.

Then towards the Palace of the Destinies,  
Laden with languishment, and grieve he flies;  
And to those sterne Nymphs, humbly made request,  
Both might enjoy each other, and be blest,  
But with a gassly, dreadfull countenance,  
Threatning a thousand Deaths at every glance,  
They answered Love, nor would vouchsafe so much  
As one poore word, their hate to him was such:  
Hearken a while, and I will tell you why,  
Heavens winged Herald, *love borne Mercury*,  
The selfe-same Day that he a sleepe had layd,  
Inchanted *Argus* spyed a Countrey Mayd,  
VWhose carelesse haire, in stead of pearles r'adorne it,  
Glistered with Dew, as one that seem'd to scorne it,  
Her breath as fragrant as the Morning Rose;  
Her mind pure, and her tongue untaught to glose.  
Yet proud *she* was, (for lofty pride that dwels  
In towred Courts, is oft in *Shepherds* Cels.  
And too too well the fayre Vermilion knew,  
And silver tincture of her *Cheekes*, that drew  
The love of every *Swaine*: On her this god  
Enarmoured was, and with his *Snaky* Rod  
Did charme her nimble feet, and made her stay,  
The while upon the Hillocke downe he lay,  
And sweetly on his pipe beganne to play,  
And with smooth speech her fancy to assay,  
Till in his twining armes he lockt her fast;  
And then he woo'd with Kisses, and at last,  
As *Shepherds* doe, her on the ground he layd,  
And tumbling on the Grasse, he often strayed  
Beyond the bounds of shame, in being bold  
To eye those parts which no eye should behold,  
And like an insolent commanding Lover,

## Hero and Leander. H

Boasting his parentage would needs discover  
The way to new *Elizium*: but she,  
Whose onely dower was her chastity,  
Having striv'n in vaine, was now about to cry,  
And crave the helpe of shepheards that were nigh.  
Herewith he stayd his fury, and began,  
To give her leave to rise: away she ran,  
After went *Mercury*, who us'd such cunning,  
As she to heare his tale let off her running.  
Maids are not wonne by brutish force and might,  
But speeches full of pleasure and delight,  
And knowing *Hermes* courted her was glad  
That she such lovelinesse and beauty had,  
As could provoke his liking, yet was mute,  
And neither would deny, nor grant his sute.  
Still vow'd he love, she wanting no excuse,  
To feede him with delaies, as women use,  
Or thirsting after immortality,  
All women are ambitious naturally,  
Impos'd upon her lover such a taske,  
As he ought not performe, nor yet she aske,  
A draught of flowing *Nectar*, she requested,  
Wherewith the King of gods and men is feasted.  
He ready to accomplish what she wil'd,  
Stole some from *Hebe* (*Hebe loves cup filld*)  
And gave it to his simple rusticke Love,  
Which being knowne (as what is hid from *Love*?)  
He inly storm'd, and waxt more furious.  
Than for the fire filcht by *Prometheus*,  
And thrusts him down from heaven, he wandring here,  
In mournfull tearmes, with sad and heavy cheere,  
Complained to *Cupid*, *Cupid* for his sake,  
To be reveng'd on *Love* did undertake,

And



## Hero and Leander.

And those on whom heaven, earth, and hell relies,  
I meane the adamantine Destinies,  
He wounds with love, and forst them equally,  
To dote upon deceitfull *Mercury*;  
They offered him the fatall deadly knife,  
That sheares the slender threds of humane life,  
At his faire feathered feet the engins laid,  
Which th' earth from ugly *Chaos* den up waid,  
These he regarded not, but did entreat  
That *Iove*, vsurper of his fathers seat,  
Might presently be banisht into hell,  
And aged *Saturne* in *Olympus* dwell.  
They granted what he crav'd, and once againe,  
*Saturne* and *Ops* began their golden reigne.  
Murther, rape, warre, lust, and reechery,  
Were with *Iove* clos'd in Stygian Emperie.  
But long this blessed time continued not,  
As soone as he his wished purpose got,  
He rechlesse of his promise did despise,  
The love of th' everlasting destinies.  
They seeing it, both love and him abhorr'd,  
And *Iupiter* unto his place restor'd.  
And that but learning in despite of Fate,  
Will mount aloft, and enter heaven gate,  
And to the seate of *Iove* it selfe advance,  
*Hermes* had slept in hell with ignorance,  
Yet as a punishment they added this,  
That he and poverty should alwaies kisse.  
And to this day is every scholler poore,  
Grosse gold from them runs headlong to the Boore;  
Likewise, the angry sisters thus deluded,  
To venge themselves on *Hermes* have concluded,  
That *Midar* brood shall sit in honours chaire,

## Hero and Leander. H

To which the Muses sonnes are onely heire,  
And fruitfull VVits that in aspiring are,  
Shall discontent runne into Regions farre,  
And few great Lords in Vertuous Deeds shall ioy,  
But be surpriz'd with every garish toy,  
And still enrich the lofty servile Clowne,  
VWho with incroching guile, Keeps learning downe.  
Then muse not Cupids suit no better sped,  
Seeing in their loves the Fates were injured.

*The end of the first Sestiad.*



### The Argument of the second Sestiad.

**H**ero of Love takes deeper sance,  
And doth her love more recompence,  
Their first nights meeting, where sweet kisses  
Are th' onely crownes of both their blisses.  
He swims to Abydus, and returns,  
Cold Neptune with his beauty burnes,  
Whose suit he shunneth, and doth aspire  
Heroes faire towre, and his desire.

**B**Y this sad Hero with love unacquainted,  
Viewing Leanders face, fell downe and fainted:  
He kist her, and breath'd life into her lips,  
Wherewith as one displeas'd away she trips;  
Yet as she went full often lookt behinde,  
And many poore excuses did she finde,  
To linger by the way, and once she staid,  
And would have turn'd againe, but was affraid,

In



## *Hero and Leander.*

In offering parley, to be counted light.  
So on she goes, and in her idle flight,  
Her painted Fanne of curled plumes let fall,  
Thinking to traine *Leander* therewithall.  
He being a Novice knew not what she meant;  
But stay'd and after her a letter sent:  
Which joyfull *Hero* answered in such sort,  
As he had hope to scale the beaution's fort,  
Wherein the liberall Graces lock their wealth;  
And therefore to her Tower he got by stealth.  
Wide open stood the doore, he neede not clime;  
And she her selfe before the poynted time,  
Had spread the board, with roses strowed the roome,  
And oft lookt out, and mus'd he did not come;  
At last he came: O who can tell the greeting,  
These greedy lovers had at their first meeting?  
He askt, she gave, and nothing was denyed,  
Both to each other quickly were affyed.  
Looke how their hands, so were their hearts united;  
And what he did she willingly requited.  
(Sweete are the kisses, the embracements sweet;  
When like defires, and like affections meet,  
For from the earth to heaven is *Cupid* rais'd,  
Where fancy is in equall ballance pais'd)  
Yet she this rashnesse suddainly repented,  
And turn'd aside, and to her selfe lamented;  
As if her name and honour had beene wrong'd,  
By being possesst of him for whom she long'd:  
I, and she wisht, albeit not from her heart,  
That he would leave her Turret and depart.  
The mirthfull god of amorous pleasure smil'd,  
To see how he this captive Nymph beguil'd,  
For hitherto he did but fanne the fire,

## Hero and Leander.

And kept it downe that it might mount the higher;  
Now waxt she jealous, leaſt his love abated,  
Fearing her owne thoughts made her to be hated;  
Therefore unto him haſtily ſhe goes,  
And like light *Salmaſis* her body throwes  
Vpon his boſome, where with yeelding eyes,  
She offers up her ſelte a ſacrifice,  
To ſlake his anger, if he were displeas'd;  
O what God would not therewith be appeas'd?  
Like *Aſops* Cocke this jewell he enjoyed,  
And as a brother with his ſiſter toyed,  
Suppoſing nothing elſe was to be done,  
Now he her favour and good will had wonne,  
But know you not that creatures wanting ſence,  
By nature have a mutuall appetence,  
And wanting organs to advance a ſtep,  
Mov'd by Loves force, unto each other leap,  
Much more in ſubjects having intellect,  
Some hidden influence breeds like effect,  
Albeit *Leander* rude in love and raw,  
Long dallying with *Hero* nothing ſaw,  
That might delight him more, yet he ſuſpected,  
Some amorous rites or other were neglected:  
Therefore unto his body hers he clung,  
She, fearing on the ruſhes to be flung,  
Striv'd with redoubled ſtrength, the more ſhe ſtrived,  
The more a gentle pleaſing heate revived,  
Which taught him all that elder lovers know;  
And now the ſame gan ſo to ſcorch and glow,  
As in plaine rearmes (yet cunningly) he crav'd it,  
Love alwaies makes thoſe eloquent that have it;  
She, with a kinde of granting put him by it,  
And ever as he thought himſelfe moſt nigh it,

Like



## *Hero and Leander.*

Like to the tree of *Tantalus* she fled, nor could she  
And seeming lavish, sav'd her Maiden-head:  
Nere King more sought to keepe his Diadem,  
Than *Hero* this inestimable gem.  
Above our life we love a steadfast friend,  
Yet when a token of great worth we send,  
We often kisse it, often looke thereon,  
And stay the messenger that would be gon:  
No marvaile then, though *Hero* would not yeeld,  
So soone to part from that she dearely held.  
Jewels beene lost are found againe, this never,  
This lost but once, and once lost, lost for ever.  
Now had the morne espy'd her lovers steeds,  
Whereat shee starts, puts on her purple weeds,  
And red for anger that he staid so long,  
All headlong throwes her selfe the clouds among,  
And now *Leander* fearing to be mist,  
Imbrac't her suddainly, tooke leave, and kist:  
Long was he taking leave, and loath to goe,  
And kist againe as lovers use to doe:  
Sad *Hero* wrung him by the hand and wept,  
Saying; Let your vowes and promises be kept.  
Then standing at the doore, she turn'd about,  
As loath to see *Leander* going out.  
And now the Sunne that through th'orizon peepes,  
As pittying these lovers downewards creepes.  
So that in silence of the cloudy night,  
Though it was morning did he take his flight:  
But when the secret trusty night conceal'd,  
*Leanders* amorous habite soone reveal'd,  
With *Cupids* Myrtle was his bonnet crown'd,  
About his armes the purple riband wound,  
Wherewith she wreath'd her largely spreading haire;

Not.

## Hero and Leander.

Nor could the youth abstaine, but he must weare  
The sacred Ring wherewith she was endow'd,  
When first religious chastity she vow'd,  
which made his love through *Sestos* to be knowne,  
And thence unto *Abidos* sooner blowne,  
Than he could faile, for incorporeall fame,  
Whose weight consists in nothing but her name,  
Is swifter than the windes, whose tardy plumes  
Are reeking water, and dull earthly fumes.  
Home when he came, he seem'd not to be there,  
But like exiled aire thrust from his sphere,  
Set in a forraine place, and straight from thence,  
*Alcides*-like by mighty violence,  
He would have chas'd away the swelling Maine  
That him from her unjustly did detaine:  
Like as the Sunne in a Diameter,  
Fires and inflames objects removed farre,  
And heateth kindly shining lat'rally,  
So beauty quickly quickens when it's nee;  
But being separated and removed,  
Burnes where it cherisht, murthers where it loved;  
Therefore, even as an *Index* to a booke,  
So to his minde was young *Leanders* looke;  
O none have power but gods their love to hide,  
Affection by the count'nance is descride.  
The light of hidden fire it selfe discovers,  
And love that is conceal'd betraies poore lovers.  
His secret flame apparently was seene,  
*Leanders* father knew where he had beene,  
And for the same mildly rebuk'd his sonne,  
Thinking to quench the sparkles new begunne.  
But love resisted once, growes passionate,  
And nothing more than Counsell lovers hate

For



## Hero and Leander.

For as a hot proud horse highly disdaines  
To have his head controll'd, but breakes the raines,  
Spits forth the ringled bit, and with his hoves  
Checks the submissive ground: so he that loves,  
The more he is restrain'd, the worse he fares,  
What is it now but mad *Leander* dares?  
O *Hero, Hero*, thus he cry'd full oft,  
And then he got him to a rocke aloft,  
Where having spide her tower, long star'd he on't,  
And pray'd the narrow toyling *Hellepont*  
To part in twaine, that he might come and go;  
But still the rising billowes answered no;  
With that he stript him to the yu'ry skinne,  
And crying Love, I come, leapt lively in:  
Whereat the Saphyr-visig'd god grew proud,  
And made his capring *Triton* sound aloud,  
Imagining that *Ganimed* displeas'd,  
Had left the heavens, therefore on him he seazd:  
*Leander* striv'd, the waves about him wound,  
And puld him to the bottome, where the ground  
Was strewd with pearle, and in low corall groves,  
Sweete-singing Mermaids sported with their loves,  
On heapes of heavy gold, and tooke great pleasure,  
To spurne in carelesse sort the shipwracke treasure:  
For here the stately azure palace stood,  
Where Kingly *Neptune* and his traine abode,  
The lusty god imbrac't him, call'd him Love,  
And swore he never should returne to love:  
But when he knew it was not *Ganimed*,  
For under Water he was almost dead;  
He heav'd him up, and looking on his face,  
Beate downe the bold waves with his triple Mace,  
Which mounted up, intending to have kist him.

D

And

## *H*ero and *Leander*

And fell in drops like teares, because they mist him;  
*Leander* being up, began to swim,  
And looking backe, saw *Neptune* follow him.  
Whereat agast, the poore soule gan to cry,  
O let me visit *Hero* ere I dye:  
The god put *Hellas* bracelet on his arme,  
And swore the sea should never doe him harme.  
He claps his plumpes cheekes, with his tresses plaid,  
And smiling wantonly his love bewrayd;  
He watcht his armes, and as they open'd wide,  
At every stroake betwixt them would he slide,  
And steale a kisse, and then run out and dance,  
And as he turn'd, cast many a lustfull glance,  
And threw him gawdy toyes to please his eye  
And dive into the water, and there pry  
Vpon his breast, his thighes, and every lim,  
And up againe, and close beside him swim:  
And talke of love: *Leander* made reply,  
You are deceiv'd, I am no woman I.  
Thereat smil'd *Neptune*, and then told a tale,  
How that a shepheard sitting in a vale,  
Plaid with a boy, so lovely, faire, and kinde,  
As for his love both earth and heaven pinde,  
That of the cooling river durst not drinke,  
Lest water-Nymphes should pull him from the brink;  
And when he sported in the fragrant lawnes,  
Goate-footed Satyrs, and upstart Fawnes  
Would steale him thence, ere halfe his tale was done.  
Ay me, *Leander* cry'd, the enamour'd sunne,  
That now should shine on *Thetis* glassie bower,  
Descends upon my radiant *Heroes* tower.  
O that these tardy armes of mine were wings!  
And as he spake upon the waves he springs;

*Neptune*



## Hero and Leander.

*Neptune* was angry that he gave no care,  
And in his heart revenging malice beare:  
He flung at him his Mace, but as it went,  
He cald it in, for love made him repent.  
The Mace returning backe, his owne hand hit,  
As meaning to be veng'd for darring it.  
When this fresh-bleeding wound *Leander* view'd,  
His colour went and came, as if he rew'd  
The griete which *Neptune* felt. In gentle breasts,  
Relenting thoughts, remorse and pittie rests.  
And who have hard hearts and obdurate mindes,  
But vicious, hare-brain'd, and illitt'rat Hinds?  
The god seeing him with pittie to be moved,  
Thereon concluded that he was beloved.  
(Love is too full of faith, too credulous)  
With folly and false hope deluding us.  
Wherefore *Leanders* fancy to surprize,  
To the rich Ocean for gifts he flies.  
Tis wisdom to give much, a gift prevailes,  
When deepe perswading oratory fails.  
By this, *Leander* being neere the land,  
Cast downe his weary feete and fele the sand;  
Breathlesse albeit he were, he rested not  
Till to the solitary tower he got;  
And knockt, and cald, at which celestiaall noyse,  
The longing heart of *Hero* much more joyes,  
Then Nymphes & shepheards, when the timbrill rings,  
Or crooked Dolphin when the sayler sings:  
She staid not for her robes, but straight arose,  
And drunke with gladnesse to the doore she goes,  
Where seeing a naked man she scricht for feare,  
Such sights as this to tender maids are rare,

## Hero and Leander. II

And ranne into the darke her selfe to hide,  
Rich Jewels in the darke are soonest spide,  
Unto her was he led, or rather drawne,  
By whose white lims which sparkled through the lawns,  
The nearer that he came, the more she fled,  
And seeking refuge, slipt into her bed,  
Whereon *Leander* sitting, thus began,  
Through numming cold, all feeble, faint, and wan,  
If not for love, yet love for pittie sake,  
Me in thy bed and mayden bolome take,  
At least vouchsafe these armes some little roome,  
Who hoping to embrace thee cheerely swome.  
This head was beate with many a churlish billow,  
And therefore let it rest upon thy pillow.  
Herewith affrighted *Hero* shrunk away,  
And in her luke-warme place *Leander* lay,  
Whose lively heat like fire from heaven set,  
Would animate grosse clay, and higher set  
The dropping thoughts of base declining soules,  
Then drery *Mars* carowing *Nectar* bowles.  
His hands he cast upon her like a snare:  
She overcome with shame and shallow feare,  
Like chaste *Diana* when *Aëteon* spide her,  
Being suddenly betray'd, div'd downe to hide her,  
And as her silver body downward went,  
With both her hands she made the bed a tent;  
And in her owne minde thought her selfe secure,  
Oreast with dim and darksome coverture;  
And she lets him whisper in her eare,  
Flatter, intreate, promise, protest, and sweare.  
Yet ever as he greedily assayd  
To touch those dainties, she the *Harpey* plaid,  
And every limbe did as a souldier stout,

Defend:



## Hero and Leander.

Defend the Fort, and keepe the For men out:  
For though the rising Iv'ry mount be scal'd  
Which is with azure circling lines empal'd,  
Much like a globe, (a globe may I terme this,  
By which love sailes to regions full of blis:)  
Yet there with *Sisyphus* he toyl'd in vaine,  
Till gentle parley did the truce obtaine.  
She trembling strove, this strife of hers (like that  
Which made the world) another world begat,  
Of unknowne joy. Treason was in her thought,  
And cunningly to yeeld her selfe she sought.  
Seeming not wonne, yet won she was at length,  
In such warres women use but halfe their strength:  
*Leander* now, like *Theban Hercules*,  
Entred the Orchard of th' *Hesperides*.  
Whose fruits none rightly can describe but he,  
That puls or shakes it from the golden tree;  
Wherein *Leander* on her quivering breast,  
Breathlesse, spoke something, and sigh'd out the rest,  
Which so prevail'd, as with small adoe  
Inclos'd her in his armes, and kist her too,  
And every kisse to her was as a charme,  
And to *Leander* as a fresh alarme.  
So that the truce was broke, and she alas;  
(Poore silly maiden) at his mercy was.  
Love is not full of pittie, (as men say)  
But deafe and cruell where he meanes to pray.  
Even as a bird, which in our hands we wring,  
Forth plungeth, and oft flutters with her wing.  
And now we wisht this night were never done,  
And sigh'd to thinke upon th' approaching sunne;  
For much it griev'd her that the bright day-light,  
Should know the pleasure of this blessed night,

## Hero and Leander.

And then like *Mars* and *Ericini* displayd,  
Both in each others armes chaind as they laid.  
Againe, she knew not how to frame her looke,  
Or speake to him, who in a moment rooke,  
That which so long, so chearily she kept,  
And faine by stealth away she would have crept,  
And to some corner secretly have gone,  
Leaving *Leander* in the bed alone:  
But as her naked teete were whipping out,  
He on the suddaine cling'd her to about,  
That Mer-maid like unto the floore she slid,  
One halfe appear'd, the other halfe was hid.  
Thus neere the bed she blushing stood upright,  
And from her contenance be bold ye might  
A kinde of twi-light breake, which through the haire,  
As from an orient cloud, glimse here and there.  
And round about the chamber this false morne,  
Brought forth the day before the day was borne.  
So *Heroes* ruddy cheek, *Hero* betraid,  
And her all naked to his sight displaid.  
VVhence his admiring eyes more pleasure tooke,  
Than *Dis*, on heapes of gold fixing his looke.  
By this *Apollo*'s golden harpe began  
To sound forth musicke to the Ocean,  
VVhich watchfull *Hesperus* no sooner heard,  
But he the day bright-bearing Car prepar'd.  
And ran before as Harbenger of light,  
And with his flaring beames mockt ugly night,  
Till she orecome with anguish, shame, and rage,  
Dang'd downe to hell her loathsome carriage.

*The end of the second Sestiad.*

The



# Hero and Leander.



## The Argument of the third S B S T A C T.

Leander to the envious light  
Resignes his night sports with the night,  
And swims the Hellespont againe,  
The line the deitty soveraigne  
Of customes and religious rites,  
Appeares, improving his delights,  
Since Nuptiall honours be neglected,  
Which straight he vowes shall be affected.  
Faيرة Hero left Devirginate  
Waies, and with fury wailes her state:  
But with her love, and womens wit,  
She argues, and approveth it.



**N**ew light giues new directions, Fortunes new  
To fashion our endeavours that ensue.  
More harsh, at least more hard) more grave and high,  
Our subject runs, and our sterne muse must fly,  
Loves edge is taken off, and that light flame,  
Those thoughts, joyes, longings that before became  
High unexperienc'd blood, and make sharpe plights  
Must now grow staid, and censure the delights,  
That being enjoy'd, aske judgement, now we praise,  
As having parted: Evenings c owne the dayes.  
And now ye wanton loves, and youg desires,  
Pyed vanity, the mint of strange attires,  
Ye lispig flatteries, and obsequious glances,  
Relentfull musicks, and attractive dances,  
And you detested Charmes constraining love,  
Shun loves stolne sports, by that these Lovers prove,

By

## Hero and Leander.

By this the Sovereigne of Heavens golden Fires,  
And young *Leander* Lord of his desires,  
Together from their Lovers armes arose,  
*Leander* into *Hellespontus* throwes  
His *Hero*-handed body, whose delight,  
Made him disdain each others Epithite.  
And as amidst the enamoured waves he swims,  
The god of gold a purpose guilt his limbs,  
That this word guilt including double sence,  
The double guilt of his *Incontinence*,  
Might be exprest, that had no stay t'employ  
The treasure which the Love-god let him joy  
In his deare *Hero*, with such sacred thrift,  
As had be seem'd to sanctifie a gift,  
But like a greedy vulgar Prodigall,  
Would on the stocke dispend, and rudely fall  
Before his time, to that unblest blessing,  
Which for lusts plague doth perish with possessing.

*Ioy grauen in sence, like snow in water wastes,  
Without preserve of vertue nothing lasts.*  
What man is he, who with a wealthy eye,  
Enioyes a beauty richer than the sky?  
Through whose white skin, softer thā the soundest sleep  
With damaske eyes the ruby blood doth peepe.  
And runs in branches through her azure veins,  
Whose mixture and first fire his love attaines,  
Whose both hands limmit, both Loves deities,  
And sweeten humane thoughts like paradise,  
Whose disposition silken is and kinde,  
Directed with an earth exempted minde,  
Who thinkes not heaven with such a love is given?  
And who like earth would spend that power of heaven,  
With ranke desire to joy it all at first?

What



## Hero and Leander.

What simply *kills* our hunger, quencheth thirst,  
Cloaths but our nakednesse, and makes us live:  
*Prayse* doth not any of her favours give.  
But what doth plentifully minister  
Beauteous apparell, and Delicious cheare,  
So ordered, that it still excites desire,  
And still gives pleasure freenesse to aspire  
The palme of *Bounty*, ever moyst preserving,  
To loves sweet life, this is the courtly carving.  
Thus *Time*, and all-states-ordering *Ceremony*  
Had banisht all offence; *Times* golden *Thigh*  
Vpholds the flowry body of the Earth  
In sacred Harmony, and every birth  
Of men, and actions makes Legitimate  
Being us'd aright, *the use of Time is Fate*.

Yet did the gentle flood transfer once more,  
*This prize of Love* home to his Fathers shore,  
Where he unlades himselfe of that false wealth,  
That makes few rich, treasures compos'd by stealth,  
And to his sister kinde *Hermione*,  
(Who on the shore kneeled, praying to the *Sea*  
For his returne) hee all Loves good did shew  
In *Hero* seiz'd for him, in him for *Hero*.

His most *kind* sister all his secrets Knew,  
And to her singing like a shower he flew,  
Sprinkling the earth that to their tombestooke in  
Streames Dead for Love, to leave his Ivory skin,  
Which yet a snowy fume did leave above.  
As soule to the Dead water that did Love,  
And from thence did the first white Roses spring,  
(For Love is sweet and fayre in every thing)  
And all the sweetned shore as he did goe,  
Was crown'd with odorous Roses white as snow.

## Hero and Leander.

Love-blest *Leander* was with love so filled,  
That love to all that toucht him he instilled.  
And as the colour of all things we see,  
To our sights powers communicated be;  
So to all objects that in compasse came,  
Of any sence he had, his sences flame  
Flow'd from his parts, with force so virtuall,  
It fir'd with sence things meere insensuall.  
Now (with warme baths and odors comforted)  
VVhen he lay downe he kindly kist his bed,  
As consecrating it to *Heroes* right,  
And vow'd thereafter, that whatever sight  
Put him in minde of *Hero* or her blisse,  
Should be the altar to preferre a kisse.  
Then laid he forth his late enriched armes,  
In whose white circle Love writ all his charmes,  
And made his Characters sweet *Heroes* lims,  
VVhen on his breasts warme sea she sideling swims,  
And as those armes (held up in circle) met,  
He said, See sister, *Heroes* Carquenet,  
VVhich she had rather weare about her necke,  
Than all the Jewels that doe *Iuno* deeke. *Here I believe*  
— But as she shook with passionate desire, *Marlowe*  
To put in flame his other secret fire, *ended.*  
A musicke so divine did pierce his eare,  
As never yet his ravisht sence did heare,  
VVhen suddenly a light of twenty hiewes  
Brake through the roofe, and like the Rain-bow views  
Amaz'd *Leander*, in whose beames came downe  
The goddesse *Ceremony* with a Crowne  
Of all the starres, and heaven with her descended,  
Her flaming haire to her bright feete extended;  
By which hung all the bench of Deities,

And



## Hero and Leander.

And in a chaine compact of cares and eyes,  
She led Religion, all her body was  
Cleere and transparent as the purest glasse;  
For as she was presented to the sence,  
Devotion, Order, State, and Reverence,  
Her shadowes were Society, Memory,  
All which her sight made live, her absence dye.  
A rich disparant pantacle she weares,  
Drawne full of circles and strange characters;  
Her face was changeable to every eye,  
One way lookt ill, another graciously,  
Which while men view'd, they cheereful were & holy,  
But looking off, vicious and melancholy:  
The snaky paths to each observed law,  
Did *Policy* in her broad bosome draw:  
One hand a Mathematicke Chrystall swayes,  
Which gathering in one line a thousand rayes  
From her bright eyes, *Confusion* burnes to death  
And all estates of men extinguishteth:  
By it *Morality* and *Comlineffe*,  
Themselves in all their tightly figures dresse,  
Her other hand a Lawrell rod applyes,  
To beate backe Barbarisme and *Avarice*,  
That followed eating earth and excrement,  
And humane limbes, and would make proud ascent  
To seats of gods, where *Ceremony* slaine,  
The *Houres* and *Graces* bore her glorious traine,  
And all the sweetes of our society,  
Were spher'd and treasur'd in her bounteous eye.  
Thus she appeard, and sharply did reprove  
*Leanders* bluntnesse in his violent love,  
Told him how poore was substance without rites,  
Like Bills unsign'd, desires without delights;

## Hero and Leander.

Like meates unseason'd, like ranke Corne that growes  
On Cottages, that none or Reapes or sowes,  
Not being with civil formes confirm'd and bounded,  
For humane Dignities and comforts founded;  
But loose and secret all their glories hide:  
Feare fills the chamber, Darknesse decks the Bride.

*She* vanisht, leaving pearst *Leanders* heart  
VVith sence of his unceremonious part;  
In which, with playne neglect of Nuptiall Rites,  
He close and flatly fell to his Delights:  
And instantly hee vow'd to Celebrate  
All Rites pertayning to his married state.  
So up he gets, and to his Father goes,  
To whose glad cares he doth his Vowes disclose:  
The Nuptials are resolv'd with utmost power,  
And he at night would swimme to *Heroes* tower.  
From whence hee meant to *Sestos* forged Bay  
To bring her covertly, where *Ships* must stay,  
Sent by her father throughly Rigg'd and Mand,  
To waite her safely to *Abydos* strand.  
There leave we him, and with fresh wing pursue  
Astonisht *Hero*, whose most wished view  
It thus long have forborne, because I left her,  
So out of countenance, and her *spirits* bereft her.

*To looke on one abasht is impudence,  
When of slight faults he hath too deepe a sence.*  
Her blushing bet her Chamber, shee lookt out,  
And all the ayre she purpled round about,  
And after it a foule blacke Day befell,  
Which ever since a red Morne doth fore-tell,  
And still renewes our woes for *Heroes* woe,  
And foule it prov'd because it figur'd so,  
The next nights horror, which prepare to heare;

I fayle,



## Hero and Leander.

If sayle, if it prophane your daintiest Eare.

Then how most strangely, intellectuall fire,  
That proper to my *Soule* hast power t'inspire  
Her burning faculties, and with the *VVings*  
Of thy unsphered flame visitst the *Springs*  
Of *Spirits* immortall. Now (as swift as time  
Doth follow Motion) find th'eternall clime  
Of his free *Soule*, whose living subject stood  
Up to the chin in the *Pycrean* flood,  
And Drunke to me halfe this *Musean* story,  
Inscribing it to Deathlesse memory,  
Confer with it, and make my pledge as Deepe,  
That neythurs Draught be consecrate to sleepe.  
Tell it how much his late Desires I tender,  
(If yet I know not) and to Delight surrender  
My *Soules* darke off-spring, willing it should dye  
To Loves, to Passions, and *Society*.

Sweet *Hero* left upon her Bed alone,  
Her mayden-head, her Vowes, *Leander* gone,  
And nothing with her but a violent crew  
Of new come thoughts, that yet she never Knew;  
Even to her selfe a stranger was, much like  
Th' *Iberian* City, that *VVars* hand did strike  
By *English* force, in princely *Essex* guide,  
When peace assur'd her towers had fortifide,  
And golden-fingred *India* had bestow'd  
Such wealth on her, that strength and Empire flow'd  
Into her turrets, and her Virgin waste,  
The wealthy girdle of the *Sea* imblaste,  
Till our *Leander* that made *Mars* his *Cupid*,  
For soft Love futes, with yron thunders chid:  
Swum to her townes, dissolv'd her Virgins zone,  
Led in his power, and made Confusion

## Hero and Leander.

Run through her streets amaz'd, that she suppos'd  
She had not beene in her owne wals inclos'd,  
But rapt by wonder to some forraigne state,  
Seeing all her issue so disconsolate,  
And all her peacefull mansions possesst  
With wars just spoyle, and many a forraigne guest,  
From every corner driving an enjoyer,  
Supplying it with power of a destroyer.  
So far'd faire *Hero* in th'expugned fort,  
Of her chaste bosome, and of every sort  
Strange thoughts possesst her, ransacking her breast,  
For that which was not there, her wonted rest.  
She was a mother straight, and bore with paine,  
Thoughts that spake streight, and wisht their mother  
She hates their lives, & they their own & hers: (flaine:  
Such strife still growes where sin the race preferres.

*Love is a golden bubble full of dreames,  
That waking breakes, and fills us with extreames.*  
She mus'd how she could looke upon her fire,  
And not shew that without, that was intire.  
For as a glasse is an inanimate eye,  
And outward formes imbraceth inwardly,  
So is the eye an animate glasse that shewes,  
Informes without us: and as *Phæbus* throwes  
His beames abroad, though he in clouds be clos'd,  
Still glancing by them, till he finde oppos'd,  
A loose and rorid vapour, that is fit  
T'event his searching beames, and useth it  
To forme a tender twenty-coloured eye,  
Cast in a circle round about the sky.  
So when our fiery soule our bodies starre,  
(That ever is in motion circular)  
Conceives a forme, in seeking to display it,

Through



## *Hero and Leander.*

Through all our cloudy parts, it doth conveigh it  
For at the eye, as the most pregnant place,  
And that reflects it round about the face.  
And this event uncourtly *Hero* thought,  
Her inward guilt would in her lookes have wrought;  
For yet the worlds stale cunning she resisted,  
To bear foule thoughts, yet forge what looks she listed,  
And held it for a very silly flight,  
To make a perfect metall counterfeite,  
Glad to disclaime her selfe, proud of an *Art*,  
That makes the face a pander to the heart,  
Those be his painted Moones, whose lights prophane  
Beauties true heaven, at full still in their wane.  
Those be the Lapwing faces that still cry,  
*Here 'tis*, when that they vow, is nothing nigh.  
Base fooles, when every morish foole can teach  
That which men thinke the height of humane reach;  
But custome that *Apoplexy* is,  
Of bed-red nature, and lives led amisse,  
And takes away all feeling of offence,  
Yet braz'd not *Heroes* brow with impudence:  
And this she thought most hard to bring to passe,  
To seeme in countenance other than she was;  
As if she had two soules, one for the face,  
One for the heart, and that they shifted place,  
As either list to utter or conceale  
What they conceiv'd, or as one soule did deale;  
With both affaires at once, keepes and ejects.  
Both at an instant contrary affects,  
Retention and ejection in her powers  
Being acts alike for this one vice of ours.  
That formes the thought, and swayes the countenance,  
Rules both our motion and our utterance.  
These and more grave conceites toyl'd *Heroes* spirits:  
For though the light of her discursive wits.

## Hero and Leander.

Perhaps might finde some little hole to passe  
Through all these worldly cinctures, yet (alas)  
There was a heavenly flame incompast her,  
Her goddesse, in whose phane she did preferre  
Her Virgin vowes, from whose impulsive sight,  
*she knew*, the *blacke* shield of the *darkest* night  
Could not Defend her, nor wits subtrill' st art:  
This was the poynt pierst *Hero* to the heart,  
VWho heavy to the Death, with a deepe sigh  
And hand that languisht, tooke a Robe was nigh  
Exceeding large, and of *blacke* *Cypresse* made,  
In which she fate, had from the Day in shade,  
Even over head and face downe to the feet,  
Her left hand made it at her bosome meet:  
Her right hand lean'd on her heart bowing Knee,  
VWrapt in unshapefull folds, was Death to see  
Her Knee stayd that, and that her falling face  
Each limbe helpt other to put on Disgrace.  
No forme was seene, where forme held all her sight,  
But like an Embrion that saw never light,  
Or like a scorched *Statue* made a Coale,  
With three-wing'd lightning, or a wretched soule  
Muffled with endlesse *darknesse*, she did sit,  
The night had never such a heavy spirit.  
Yet might an imitating Eye well see,  
How fast her cleare teares melted on her Knee,  
Through her *blacke* Vayle, and turnd as *black* as it,  
Mourning to be her teares, then wrought her wit,  
With her *broak* vow, her *goddesse* wrath, her fame,  
All tooles that enginous Deipayre could frame.  
Which made her strow the floore with her torne hayre,  
And spread her mantle peece-meale in the ayre,



## *Hero and Leander.*

Like *lover* sons club, strong passion strook her downe,  
And with a pious shriek intorst her swoone,  
Her shriek, made with another shriek ascend  
The frighted Matron that on her did tend,  
And as with her owne cry, the fence was flaine,  
So with the other it was call'd againe.  
She rose, and to her bed made forced way,  
And laid her downe even where *Leander* lay:  
And all this while the red sea of her blood  
Ebb'd with *Leander*, but now turn'd the flood,  
And all her fleet of Spirits came swelling in  
With child of sayle, and did hot fight begin,  
With those severe conceits, she too much markt,  
And her *Leander* beauties were imbarke.  
He came in swimming, painted all with joyes,  
Such as might sweeten hell, his thought destroyes;  
All her destroying thoughts she thought she felt,  
His heart in hers, with her contentions melt,  
And chide her soule that it could so much erre,  
To checke that true joyes she deserv'd in her,  
Her fresh heat-blood cast figures in her eyes,  
And she suppos'd she saw in *Neptunes* skies,  
How her starre wandred, washt in smarting brine,  
For her loves sake, that with immortall wine,  
Should be imbath'd and swim in more hearts ease,  
Then there was water in the *Sestian* seas.  
Then said her *Cupid* prompted spirit, Shall I  
Sing moanes to such delightfull harmony?  
Shall flick'r tongue fame parcht up with voyces rude,  
The drunken bastard of the multitude,  
(Begot when fathers judgement is away,  
And gossip-like, saies, because other say,  
Take newes, as if it were too hot to eat,

## Hero and Leander.

And spits it flavering forth for dog-pees meat ;  
Make me for forging a phantasticke vow,  
Presume to beare what makes grave Matrons bow ;  
Good vowes are never broken with good deeds,  
For then good deeds were bad, vowes are but seeds,  
And good deeds fruits, evē those good deeds that grow  
From other stocks, then from th' observed vow ;  
That is a good deed that prevents a bad,  
Had I not yeelded, flaine my selfe I had,

*Hero Leander is, Leander, Hero,*

Such vertue love hath to make one of two.

If then *Leander* did my maiden head gir,

*Leanders* being my selfe, I still retaine it.

We breake chaste vowes when we live loosely ever,

But bound as wee are, wee live loosely never,

Two constant Lovers being joyn'd in one,

Yeelding to one another, yeeld to none.

We know not how to vow, till love unblinde us,

And vowes made ignorantly never binde us.

Too true it is, that when 'tis gone, men hate.

The joyes as vaine they tooke in loves estate,

But that's, since they have lost, the heavenly light.

Should shew them way to judge of all things right.

When life is gone, death must implant his terror,

As death is foe to life, so love to error:

Beiore we love, how range we through this sphere,

Searching the sundry fancies hunted here,

Now with desire of wealth transported quite

Beyond our free humanities delight.

Now with ambition climbing falling towers,

Whose hope to scale, our feare to fall devoures,

Now rapt with pastimes, pompe, all joyes impure,

*In thing without us, no delight is sure.*

But



## Hero and Leander.

But love with all joyes crown'd within doth sit.  
O goddesse pittie, love and pardon it,  
Thus spake he weeping, but her goddesse eare  
Burn'd with too sterne a heate, and would not heare.  
Ay me, hath heavens straight fingers no more graces  
For such a *Hero*, then for homeliest faces?  
Yet he hop'd well, and in her sweet conceit  
Waying her arguments shee thought them weight,  
And that the Logicke of *Leanders* beauty,  
And them together would bring profes of duty;  
And if her soule that was a skilfull glance  
Of heavens great essence, found such imperance  
In her loves beauties, she had confidence,  
*Love* lov'd him too, and pardon'd her offence.

*Beauty in heaven and earth this grace doth win,  
It supples rigour, and it lessens sinne.*

Thus her sharpe wit, her love, her secrecie,  
Trouping together, made her wonder why  
She should not leave her bed, and to the Temple?  
Her health, said she, must live, her sexe dissemble;  
She view'd *Leanders* place, and wisht he were,  
Turn'd to his place, to his Place were *Leander*.  
Ay me (said she) that loves sweet love and sence  
Should doe it harme, my love had not gone hence,  
Had he beene like his place. O blessed place,  
Image of Constancy. Thus my loves grace  
Parts no where, but it leaves something behind  
Worth observation: he renownes his kinde,  
His motion is like heavens Orbiculer,  
For where he once is he is ever there.  
This place was mine, *Leander* now it is thine,  
Thou being my selfe, then it is double mine,  
Mine, and *Leanders* mine, *Leanders* mine.

## Hero and Leander.

O see what Wealth it yeelds me, nay yeelds him,  
For I am in it, hee for me doth swimme  
Rich fruitfull Love, that doubling selfe estates,  
Elixar-like contracts, though separates.  
Deare place, I kisse thee, and doe welcome thee,  
As from Leander ever sent to me.

*The end of the second Sestiad.*



### The Argument of the <sup>fourth</sup> ~~third~~ Sestiad.

Hero in sacred habite deckt,  
Doth private sacrifice effect.  
Her scarfes description wrought by fate,  
Ostents that threaten her estate,  
The strange, yet Physicall events,  
Leanders counterfeit presents.  
In thunder, Cyprides descends,  
Presaging both the lowers ends:  
Ecce the goddesse of remorse,  
With invocall and articulate force:  
Inspires Leucote, Venus swan,  
T'excuse the beaucous Sestian.  
Venus, to wreke his rites abuses,  
Creates the monster Eronofus;  
Inflaming Heroes sacrifice,  
With lightning darted from her eyes,  
And thereof spring the painted beast,  
That ever since taints every breast.

NOW from Leanders place she rose and found  
Her haire and rent robe scattered on the ground,  
Which



## Hero and Leander

Which taking up, she every piece did lay  
Vpon an Altar, where, in youth of day  
She usde t'exhibite private Sacrifice:  
Those would she offer to the Deities  
Of her faire Goddesse, and her powerfull sonne,  
As relickes of her late felt passion,  
And in that holy fort she vow'd to end them,  
In hope her violent fancies that did rend them,  
Would as quite fade in her loves holy fire,  
As they should in the flames she meant t'inspire.  
Then put she on all her religious Weeds,  
That deckt her in her secret sacred deedes,  
A crowne of *Isickles*, that Sunne nor fire  
Could ever melt, and figur'd strange desire.  
A golden starre shin'd in her naked breast,  
In honour of the Queene light of the East..  
In her right hand she held a silver Wand,  
On whose bright top *Peristera* did stand,  
Who was a Nymph, but now transform'd a Dove,  
And in her life was deare in *Venus* love:  
And for her sake she ever since that time      clime;  
Chus'd Doves to draw her coach through heavens blue  
Her plenteous haire in curled billowes swims  
On her bright shoulder, her harmonious limbs,  
Sustain'd no more but a more subtle vayle  
That hung on them, as it durst not assaye  
Their different concord; for the weakest ayre  
Could raise it swelling from her beauteous faire;  
Nor did it cover, but adumbrate onely  
Her most heart-piercing parts, that a blest eye,  
Might see (as it did shaddow) fearefully,  
All that all love deserving Paradise,  
It was as blew as the most freezing skies,

## Hero and Leander.

Neere the seas hiew, from thence her goddesse came,  
On it a skarfe she wore of wondrous frame,  
In midst whereof she wrought a Virgins face,  
From whose each cheeke a fiery blush did chase,  
Two crimson flames, that did two waies extend,  
Spreading the ample skarfe to either end,  
Which figur'd the division of her minde,  
Whiles yet she rested bashfully inclin'd,  
And stood not resolute to wed *Leander*.

This serv'd her white necke for a purple sphere,  
And cast it selfe at full bredth downe her backe.

There (since the first breath that begun the wrack  
Of her free quiet from *Leanders* lips)

She wrought a sea in one flame full of Ships,  
But that one ship where all her wealth did passe,  
(Like simple Merchants goods) *Leander* was;

For in that Sea she naked figured him,  
Her diving needle taught him how to swim,  
And to each threed did such resemblance give,  
For joy to be so like him it did live :

*Things senselesse live by Art, and rationall dye,  
By rude contempt of art and industry.*

Scarce could she worke, but in her strength of thought,  
She fear'd she prickt *Leander* as she wrought,  
And oft would shrieke so, that her Guardian frighted,  
Would staring haste, as with some mischief cited.

*Thy double life that dead things grieve sustaine,  
They kill that feelee not their friends living paine.*

Sometimes she feard he sought her infamy,  
And then as she was working of his eye,  
She thought to pricke it out to quench her ill,  
But as she prickt it grew more perfect still.

*To sling attempts no serious acts advance.  
The fire of love is drawne by dalliance.*



## Hero and Leander.

In working his faire necke he did so grace it,  
She still was working her owne armes t'imbrace it;  
That, and his shoulders, and his hands were scene,  
Above the streame, and with a pure Sea-greene  
She did so quiently shadow every lim,  
All might be scene beneath the waves to swim.

In this conceited skarte she wrought beside  
A Moone in change, and shooting starres did glide,  
In number after her with bloody beames,  
Which figur'd her affects in their extreames.  
Pursuing nature in her Cynthian body,  
And did her thoughts running on change imply:  
For maidstake more delight when they prepare,  
And thinke of wives states, then when wives they are.  
Beneath all these, she wrought a Fisher-man,  
Drawing his nets from forth the Ocean,  
Who drew so hard, yet might discover well,  
The toughned sinewes in his necke did swell,  
His inward straines drew out his blood-shot eyes;  
And springs of sweat did in his forehead rise,  
Yet was of nought, but of a Serpent sped,  
That in his bolome flew, and stung him dead,  
And this by fate into her minde was sent,  
Not wrought by meere instinct of her intent.  
At the *skarfes* other end her hand did frame,  
Neere the forke poynt of the divided flame,  
A Countrey Virgin keeping of a Vine,  
Who did of hollow bulrushes combine  
Snarres for the stubble-loving Grasshopper,  
And by her lay he skrip that nourisht her.  
Within a Mirtle shade she sat and sung,  
And tufts of wavering Reeds about her sprung,  
Where lurkt two foxes, that while she applyde

Her

## *Hero and Leander.*

Her trifling snares their thecueries did divide  
One to the Vine, another to her skrip,  
That she did negligently over-slip,  
By which her fruitfull Vine, and wholesome fare,  
She suffered spoyld, to make a childish snare:  
These ominous fancies did her soule expresse,  
And every finger made a Prophetesse,  
To shew what death was hid in loves disguise,  
And make her judgement conquer destinies.  
O what sweete formes faire Ladies soules doe shroud,  
Were they made seene and forced through their blood  
If through their beauties like rich worke through lawne  
They would set forth their mindes with vertues drawn,  
In letting graces from their fingers fly,  
To still their yas thoughts with industry;  
That their plyed wits in numbred filkes must sing  
Passions huge conquest, and their needlesse leading  
Affection prisoner through their owne built Cities,  
Pinnion'd with Stories and Arachnean Ditties:  
Proceed wee now with *Heroes* sacrifice,  
She odours burnt, and from their smoake did rise  
Vnsavory fumes, that aire with plagues inspired,  
And then the consecrated sticks she fired,  
On whose pale flame an angry spirit flew,  
And beate it downe still as it upward grew.  
The virgin tapers that on th' altar stood,  
When she inflam'd them, then they burn'd as blood,  
All sad ostents of that too neere successe,  
That made such moving beauties motionlesse:  
Then *Hero* wept, but her affrighted eyes,  
She quickly wrested from the sacrifice,  
Shut them, and inwards for *Leander* lookt,  
Searcht her soft bosome, and from thence she pluckt

His



## Hero and Leander.

His lovely picture which when she had view'd;  
Her beauties were with all love joyes renew'd,  
The Odors sweetned, and the fires burn'd cleere,  
*Leanders* forme left no ill object there:  
Such was his beauty, that the force of light,  
Whose knowledge teacheth wonders infinite,  
The strength of number and proportion,  
Nature had plac'd in it to make it knowne.  
Art was her daughter, and what humane wits,  
For study lost intomb'd in drossie spirits,  
After this accident (which to her glory,  
*Hero* could not but make a history)  
Th'inhabitants of *Sestos* and *Abidus*,  
Did every yeare with feasts propitious  
To faire *Leanders* picture sacrifice,  
And they were persons of especiall price,  
That were allow'd it, as an ornament  
T'enrich their houses, for the continent  
Of the strange vertues all approv'd it held,  
For even the very looke of it repeld  
All blastings, witch-crafts, and the strifes of nature,  
In those diseases that no herbes could cure.  
The wolfe sting of avarice it would pull,  
And make the rankest miser bountifull;  
It kild the feare of thunder and of death,  
The discords that conceite ingendereth  
Twixt man and wife, it for the time would cease,  
The flames of love it quencht; and would increase,  
Held in a Princes hand, it would put out  
The dreadfulst Comet, it would end all doubt  
Of threatned mischiefes, it would bring asleepe  
Such as were mad, it would enforce to weepe  
Most barbarous eyes, and many more effects

## Hero and Leander.

This picture wrought, and sprung *Leander's* fets,  
Of which was *Hero* first; For he whole forme  
(Held in her hand) cleer'd such a fatall storme,  
From hell she thought her person would defend her,  
Which night and *Hellespont* would quickly send her:  
With this confirm'd, the vow'd to banish quite,  
All thought of any cheeke to her delight,  
And in contempt of silly bashfulnesse  
She would the faith of her desires professe,  
Where her religion should be policy,  
To follow love with zeale her piety,  
Her Chamber her Cathedrall Church shall be,  
And her *Leander* her chiefe deity.  
For in her love these did the gods forgoe,  
And though her knowledge did not teach her so,  
Yet did it teach her this, that what her heart  
Did greatest hold in her selfe greatest part,  
That she did make her god, and 'twas lesse nought,  
To leave gods in profession and in thought,  
Than in her love and life, for therein lies  
Most of her duties, and their dignities,  
And raile the braine-bald world at what it will,  
That's the grand *Atheisme* that reignes in't still.  
Yet singularity she would use no more,  
For she was singular too much before;  
But she would please the world with faire pretext,  
Love would not leave her conscience perplex,  
Great men that will have lesse doe for them still,  
Must beare them out, though th'acts be nere so ill.  
Meannesse must pander be to Excellence,  
Pleasure atones Falshood and Conscience,  
Dissembling was the worst (thought *Her* then)  
And that was best, she now must live with men:

O ver-



## *Hero and Leander.*

O vertuous love that taught her to doe best,  
When she did worst, and when she thought it least.  
Thus would she still proceede in workes diuine,  
And in her sacred state of Priest-hood shine,  
Handling the holy rites with hands as bold,  
As if therein she did *Ioves* thunder hold,  
And neede not feare those menaces of errour,  
Which she at others threw with greatest terrour.

O lovely *Hero*, nothing is thy sin,  
Waid with those foule faults, other Priests are in,  
That having neither faiths, nor workes, nor beauties,  
T'engender any sence for flubberd duties,  
With as much countenance fill their holy chaires,  
And sweat denouncement 'gainst prophane affaires,  
As if their lives were cut out by their places,  
And they the onely fathers of the graces.

Now as with settled minde they did repaire  
Her thoughts to sacrifice, her ravisht haire  
And hertorne robe which on the altar lay,  
And onely for Religions fire did stay.  
She heard a thunder by the Cyclops beaten,  
In such a valley as the world did threaten,  
Given *Venus* as she parted th'ayry spheare,  
Discending now to chide with *Hero* here:  
When suddenly the goddesse waggoners,  
The swans and turtles that in coupled pheres,  
Through all worlds bosomes draw her influence,  
Lighted in *Heroes* window, and from thence  
To her faire shoulders flew the gentle doves,  
Gracefull *Adone* that sweet pleasure loves,  
And rus-foote *Chreste* with a tufted crowne,  
Both which did kisse her, though their goddesse frown;  
The Swans did in the solid floud her glasse

## Hero and Leander

Proine up their plumes, of which the fairest was,  
Iove-lov'd *Lencote*, that pure brightnesse is,  
The other bounty-loving *Dapples*.  
All were in heaven, now they with *Hero* were,  
But *Venus* looke brought wrath, and urged feare.  
Her robe was skarlet, blacke her heads attire,  
And through her naked breast shin'd streames of fire,  
As when the rarefied aire is driven  
In flashing streames, and opes the darkned heaven.  
In her white hand a wreath of Yew she bore,  
And breaking th'icy wreath sweet *Hero* wore,  
She forst about her browes her wreath of Yew,  
And said, now minion to thy fate be true;  
Though not to me, endure what this portends,  
Beginne where lightnesse will, in shame it ends.  
Love makes thee cunning, thou art currant now,  
By being conterfeit, thy broken vow,  
Deceite with her pyde garters must rejoyne,  
And with her stampe thou count'nances must coyne  
Coyne, and impure deceites for purities,  
And still a Maid will seeme in coozened eyes,  
And have an anticke face to laugh within,  
While thy smooth lookes makes men digest thy sin.  
But siace thy lips (lest thought forsworne) forswore,  
Be never Virgins now with trusting more.  
When beauties dearest did her goddesse heare,  
Breath such rebukes 'gainst that she could not cleere,  
Dumbe sorrow spake aloud in teares and blood,  
That from her grieve burst veines in pitteous flood,  
From the sweet conduits of her favoure fell,  
The gentle turtles did with moane make swell  
Their shining gorges, the white blacke-ey'd Swans  
Did sing as woefull *Epicidians*.

As



## Hero and Leander.

As they would streight-waies die, when pitties Queen,  
The goddesse *Ectē* that had ever beene  
Hid in the watry cloud nere *Heroas* cryes,  
Since the first instant of her broken eyes,  
Gave bright *Leucote* voyce, and made her speake,  
To ease her anguish, whose swolne breast did breake  
With anger at her goddesse that did touch  
*Hero* so nere, for that she us'd so much,  
And thrusting her white necke at *Venus*, said,  
Why may not amorous *Hero* seeme a maid,  
Though she be none, as well as you suppress,  
In modest cheekes you inward wantonnesse?  
How often have we drawne you from above,  
T'exchange with mortals, rites for rites in love?  
Why in your Priest then call you that offence,  
That shines in you, and in your influence?  
With this the furies stopt *Leucotes* lips,  
Enjoyn'd by *Venus*, who with rosie whips  
Beate the kinde Bird: Fierce lightning from her eyes  
Did set on fire faire *Heroes* sacrifice,  
Which was her torne robe, and enforced haire.  
And the bright flame became a maid most faire.  
For her aspect, her tresses were of wire,  
Knit like a net, where hearts set all on fire,  
Struggled in pants, and could not get releast,  
Her armes were all with golden pinsers drest,  
And twenty fashion'd knots, pullies, and brakes,  
And all her body girt with painted Snakes.  
Her downe parts in a Scorpionstail combin'd,  
Freckled with twenty colours, py'd wings shin'd  
Out of her shoulders. Cloth had never dye,  
Nor sweeter colours never viewed eye,  
In scorching *Turky*, *Cares*, *Tartary*,

## Hero and Leander.

Then shin'd about this spirit notorious,  
Nor was *Arachnes* web so glorious:  
Of lightning and of shreds she was begot,  
More hold in base dissemblers is there not.  
Her name was *Eronusius*, *Venus* flew  
From *Heroes* sight, and at her Chariot drew  
This wondrous creature to so steepe a hight,  
That all the world she might command with sleight  
Of her gay wings, and then she bad her haste,  
Since *Hero* had dissembled, and disgrac't  
Her rites so much, and every brest infect  
With her deceits, she made her Architect  
Of all dissimulation, and since then  
Never was any trust, in maides or men.

O it spighted

Faire *Venus* heart to see her most delighted,  
And one she chus'd for tempter of her mind,  
To be the onely ruler of her kind,  
So soone to let her virgine race be ended,  
Not simply for the fault a whit offended,  
But that for strife for chastnesse with the Moone,  
Spightfull *Diana* bade her shew but one  
That was her servant vowed and liv'd a maid,  
And now she thought to answer that upbraid:  
*Hero* had lost her answer, who knowes not  
*Venus* would seeme as farre from any spot  
Of light demeanour, as the very skin  
Twixt *Cynthia's* browes: sin is asham'd of sin.  
Up *Venus* flew, and scarce durst up for feare  
Of *Phæbus* laughter, when she past her sphere,  
And so most ugly clouded was the light,  
That day was hid in day, night came ere night,  
And *Venus* could not through the thicke aire pierce,

Till



## *Hero and Leander.*

Till the daies king, god of undanted Verse,  
Because she was so plentifull a theame,  
To such a worc his Lawrell *Anademie*;  
Likd to a fiery bullet made descent,  
And from her passage those far vapours rent,  
That being not throughly rarified to raine,  
Melted like pitch as blew as any veine,  
And scalding tempests made the earth to shrinke.  
Vnder their fervour, and the world did thinke,  
In every drop a torturing spirit flew,  
It pierst so deeply, and it burnd so blew.

Betwixt all this and *Hero*, *Hero* held  
*Leanders* picture as a Persian shield,  
And she was free from feare of worst successe:  
The more ill threats us we suspect the lesse.  
As we grow haplesse, violence subtile growes,  
Dumb, deafe, & blind, and comes when no man knows.

*The end of the fourth Sestiad.*



### *The Argument of the fifth S E S T I A D.*

*Day doubles her accustom'd date,  
As loath the night, incens'd by fate,  
Should wrake our Lovers, Heroes plight  
Longs for Leander and the night,  
Which, ere her thirsty wish recovers:  
She sends for two betrothed Lovers,  
And marries them, that (with their crue  
Their spores and ceremonies due)  
She covertly might celebrate,  
With secret ioy her owne estate.  
She makes a feast, at which appears*

*The*

## Hero and Leander.

*The wilde Nymph Teras, that still beares  
An Ivory Lute, tels ominous tales,  
And sings at solemne Festivals.*

**N**OW was bright *Hero* weary of the day,  
Thought an Olympiad in *Leanders* stay.  
*Sol*, and the soft-foote *Houres* hung on his armes,  
And would not let him swim, fore-seeing his harms.  
That day *Aurora* double grace obtain'd  
Of her lov'd *Phæbus*, she his horses rain'd  
Set on his golden knee, and as she list,  
She pul'd him backe, and as she puld, she kist,  
To have him turne to bed, he lov'd her more,  
To see the love *Leander Hero* bore:

Examples profit much, ten times in one,  
In persons full of note good deeds are done.  
Day was so long, men walking fell asleepe,  
The heavy humours that their eyes did steepe,  
Made them fear mischiefes. The hard streets were beds  
For covetous *Churles*, and for ambitious heads,  
That spight of Nature would their businesse ply.  
All thought they had the falling *Epilepsie*,  
Men groveld so upon the smother'd ground,  
And pittie did the heart of heaven confound:  
The gods, the graces, and the muses came  
Downe to the *Destinies* to stay the frame  
Of the true lovers deaths, and all worlds teares,  
But death before had stopt their cruell cares.  
All the *Celestials* parted mourning then,  
Pierst with our humane miseries, more than men  
Ah, nothing doth the world with mischiefe fill,  
But want of feeling one anothers ill.

With their descent the day grew something faire,

And



## Hero and Leander.

And cast a brighter robe upon the aire.  
*Hero* to shorten time for merriment,  
For young *Alcmane*, and bright *Mya* sent;  
Two Lovers that had long crav'd marriage dues  
At *Heroes* hands, but she did still refuse:  
For lovely *Mya* was her consort vow'd  
In her maid state, and therefore not allow'd  
To amorous Nuptialls: yet faire *Hero* now  
Intended to dispence with her cold vow,  
Since hers was broken, and to marry her:  
The rites would pleasing matter minister  
To her conceits, and shorten tedious day.  
They came; sweet musicke usher'd th' odorous way,  
And wanton aire in twenty sweet formes danc't,  
After her fingers; beauty and love advanc't  
Their Ensignes in the downlesse rosie faces  
Of youths and maids, led after by the Graces.  
For all these *Hero* made a friendly feast,  
Welcom'd them kindly, did much love protest,  
Winning their hearts with all the meanes she might,  
That when her fault should chance t'abide the light,  
Their loves might cover or extenuate it,  
And high in her worst fate make pittie sit,  
She married them, and in the banquet came,  
Borne by the Virgins; *Hero* striv'd to frame  
Her thoughts to mirth. Ay me, but hard it is  
To imitate a false and forced blis:  
Ill may a sad minde forge a merry face,  
Nor hath constrained laughter any grace.  
Then laid she wine on cares to make them sinke,  
*Who feares the threats of fortune, let him drink.*  
To these quicke Nuptials entred suddenly,  
Admired *Teras*, with the Ebon Thye,

## *Hero and Leander.*

A Nymph that haunted the Greene *Sestian* groves,  
And would consort soft Virgins in their loves.  
At gay some triumphes, and on solemne dayes,  
Singing prophetike Elegies and Layes :  
And fingring of a silver Lute she tide  
With blacke and purple skarfes by her left side.  
*Apollo* gave it, and her skill withall,  
And she was term'd his dwarfes, she was so small,  
Yet great in vertue, for his beames inclos'd  
His vertues in her, never was propos'd  
Riddle to her, or augury strange or new,  
But she resolv'd it, never flight tale flew  
From her charm'd lips, without important sence,  
Shew'n in some grave succeeding consequence.  
This little *Silvane* with her songs and tales,  
Gave such estate to feasts and nuptials,  
That though oft-times she fore-went tragadies,  
Yet for her strangeness still she pleas'd her eyes,  
And for her smalnesse they admir'd her so,  
They thought her perfect borne, and could not grow.

All eyes were on her ; *Hero* did command  
An altar deckt with sacred state should stand  
At the feasts upper end, close by the bride,  
On which the pretty Nymph may sit espide.  
Then all were silent, every one so heares,  
As all their senses climb'd into their eares ;  
And first this amorous tale that fitted well,  
Faith *Hero* and the nuptials she did tell.

### *The Tale of Teras.*

**H**ymen that now is god of Nuptiall rites,  
And crownes with honour Love and his delights,  
Of *Athens* was a youth so sweet of face,  
That many thought him of the female race,

Such



## Hero and Leander.

Such quickning brightnesse did his cleere eyes dart,  
Warme went their beames to his beholders heart.  
In such pure leagues his beauties were combin'd,  
That there your Nuptiall contracts were first sign'd.  
For as proportion white and crimson meet  
In beauties mixture, all right cleere and sweet,  
The eyes responfible, the golden haire,  
And none is held without the other, faire;  
All spring together, all together fade:  
Such intermixt affection should invade  
Two perfect Lovers, which being yet unseene,  
Their vertues and their comforts copyed been,  
In beauties concord, subject to the eye,  
And that in *Hymen* pleas'd so matchlesly,  
That Lovers were esteem'd in their full grace:  
Like forme and colour mixt in *Hymens* face,  
And such sweet concord was thought worthy then  
Of torches, musicke, feasts, and greatest men;  
So *Hymen* lookt, that even the chastest mind,  
He mov'd to joyne in joyes of sacred kind,  
For onely now his chins first downe consorted,  
His heads rich fleece in golden curles contorted:  
And as he was so lov'd, he lov'd so too:  
So should best beauties bound by Nuptials doe.  
Bright *Eucharis*, who was by all men said,  
The noblest, fairest, and the richest maid  
Of all th' *Athenian* Damsels, *Hymen* lov'd  
With such transmission, that his heart remov'd  
From his white breast to hers, but her estate  
In passing his, was so interminate  
For wealth and honour, that his love durst feed  
On nought but sight and hearing, nor could breed  
Hope of requitall, the grand prize of love,

## Hero and Leander.

Nor could he heare or see, but he must prove,  
How his rare beauties musicke will agree  
With Maids in consort ; therefore robbed he  
His chin of those same few first fruits it bore,  
And clad in such attire as Virgins wore ;  
He kept them company, and might right well,  
For he did all but *Eucharis* excell  
In all the faire of beauty, yet he wanted  
Vertue to make his owne desires implanted.  
In his deare *Eucharis*, for women never  
Love beauty in their Sex, but envy ever:  
His judgement yet (that durst not suit addresse,  
Nor past due meanes, presume, of due successe)  
Reason gat Fortune in the end to speed  
To his best pryes, but strange it seem'd indeed,  
That fortune should a chaste affection blesse,  
*Preferment seldome graceth bashfulnesse.*  
Nor grac'd it *Hymen* yet, but many a dart  
And many enamorous thought inthrall'd his heart,  
Ere he obtain'd her, and he sicke became,  
Forc'd to abstaine her sight, and then the flame  
Rag'd in her bosome. O what grieve did fill him !  
Sight made him sicke, and want of sight did kill him.  
The Virgins wondred where *Dietia* staid,  
For so did *Hymen* terme himselfe a Maid :  
At length, with sickly lookes he greeted them,  
'Tis strange to see 'gainst what an extreame streame,  
A Lover strives, poore *Hymen* look'd so ill,  
That as in merit he increased still,  
By suffering much, so he in grace decreas'd,  
Women are most wonne, when men merit least :  
If merit looke not well, love bids stand by,  
Loves speciall lesson is to please the eye.

And



## Hero and Leander.

And *Hymen* soone recovering all he lost,  
Deceiving still these Maides, but him selfe most.  
His Love and he, with many Virgin Dames,  
Noble by birth, noble by beauties flames,  
Leaving the towne with songs and hallow'd lights,  
To doe great *Ceres Eleusina* rites  
Of zealous sacrifice, were made a pray  
To barbarous Rovers that in ambush lay,  
And with rude hands enforc't their shining spoyle  
Farre from the darkned City tir'd with toyle.  
And when the yellow issue of the sky  
Came trouping forth, jealous of cruelty,  
To their bright fellowes of the under heaven,  
Into a double night they saw them driven,  
A horid Cave, the theeves blacke mansion,  
Where weary of the journey they had gone,  
Their last nights watch, & drunk with their sweet gains,  
Dull *Morpheus* entred, laden with filke chaines,  
Stronger than Iron, and bound their swelling veines,  
And tired senses of these lawlesse Swaines:  
But when the Virgin lights thus dimly burn'd,  
O what a hell was Heaven in! how they mourn'd  
And wrung their hands, and wound their gentle formes  
Into the shapes of sorrow: golden stormes  
Fell from their eyes; as when the sunne appears  
And yet it raines, so shew'd their eyes their teares.  
And as when funerall Dames watch a dead corse,  
Weeping about it, telling with remorse  
What paines he felt, how long in paine he lay,  
How little foode he ate, what he would say;  
And then mixe mournfull tales of others deaths,  
Smoth'ring themselves in clouds of their owne breath:  
At length one cheering other, call for wine,

## Hero and Leander.

The golden bowle drinke teares out of their eyne,  
As they drinke wine from it, and round it goes,  
Each helping other to relieve their woes :  
So cast these Virgins beauties mortall rayes,  
One lights another, face the face displayes,  
Lips by reflexion kist, and hands hands shooke,  
Even by the whitenesse each of other tooke.

But *Hymen* now us'd friendly *Morphews* aid,  
Slue every thiefe, and rescue'd every maid :  
And now did his enamour'd passion take  
Heart from his hearty deed, whose worth did make  
His hope of bounteous *Eucharis* more strong,  
And now came *Love* with *Proteus*, who had long  
Juggl'd the little god with prayers and gifts,  
Ran through all shapes, and varied all his shifts,  
To win loves stay with him, and make him love him :  
And when he saw no strength of sleight could move  
To make him love, or stay, he nimbly turn'd (him,  
Into *Loves* selfe, he so extreemly burn'd.  
And thus came *Love* with *Proteus* and his pow'r,  
T' encounter *Eucharis*, first, like the flowre,  
That *Iuno's* milke did spring the silver Lilly,  
He fell on *Hymens* hand, who streight did spy  
The bounteous god-head, and with wondrous joy  
Offered in *Eucharis*. She wondrous coy,  
Drew backe her hand, the subtile flower did woe it,  
And drawing it neere, mixt so she could not know it.  
As two cleere tapers mixe in one their light,  
So did the Lilly, and the hand their white ;  
She view'd it, and her view the forme bestowes  
Amongst her spirits, for as colour flows  
From superficies of each thing we see,  
Even so with colours formes emitted be,

And



## Hero and Leander.

And where Loves forme is, love is, love is forme:  
He entred at the eye his sacred storme.  
Rose from the hand, loves sweetest instrument.  
It stird her bloods sea so, that high it went,  
And beate in bashfull waves 'gainst the white shore  
Of her divided cheekes, it rag'd the more,  
Because their tide went 'gainst the haughty winde  
Of her estate and birth, and as we finde  
In fainting ebs, the flowry Zephire hurles.  
The greene hair'd *Hellepont* broke in silver curls  
'Gainst *Heroes* tower, but in his blasts retreat,  
The waves obeying him, they after beat,  
Leaving the chalky shore a great way pale,  
Then moist it freshly with another gale,  
So ebb'd and flow'd in *Eucharis* face,  
Coynesse and Love striv'd which had greatest grace,  
Virginitie did fight on Coy nesse side,  
Feare of her Parents frownes, and female pride,  
Lothing the lower place more than it loves  
The high contents desert and vertue moves.  
With love fought *Hymens* beauty, and his valure,  
Which scarce could so much valure yet allure  
To come to strike, but famelesse idle stood.  
*Action is fiery valours soveraigne good.*  
But love once entred, wisht no greater ayd,  
Than he could finde within, thought, thought betraid  
The brib'd, but incorrupted garrison;  
Sung *to Hymen*, there those songs begun,  
And Love was growne so rich with such a gaine,  
And wanton with the ease of his free raigne,  
That he would turne into her roughest frownes  
To turne them out, and thus he *Hymen* crownes  
King of his thoughts, mans greatest Empery:

This

## Hero and Leander.

This was his first brave step to deiry.  
Home to the mourning City they repaire,  
With newes as whollome as the morning aire,  
To the sad parents of each saved maid,  
But *Hymen* and his *Eucharis* had laid  
This plot, to make the flame of their delight  
Round as the Moone at full, and full as bright.

Because the Parents of chaste *Eucharis*  
Exceeding *Hymens* so, might crosse their blisse,  
And as the world rewards desarts, that law  
Cannot assist with force, so when they saw  
Their daughter safe, take vantage of their owne,  
Praise *Hymens* valour much, nothing bestowne,  
*Hymen* must leave the Virgins in a grove  
Farre off from *Athens*, and goe first to prove  
If to restore them all with fame and life,  
He should enjoy his dearest as his wife.  
This told to all the maids, they most agree  
The ripper knowing what 'tis to be  
The first mouth of a newes so farre deriv'd,  
And that to heare and beare newes brave folke liv'd,  
As being a carriage speciall hard to beare  
Occurrents, these occurrents being so deare;  
They did with grace protest, they were content  
T'accost their friends with all their complement  
For *Hymens* good, but to incurre their harme,  
There he must pardon them: this wit went warme,  
To *Adoleshes* braine, a Nymph borne high,  
Made all of voyce and fire, that upwards flie,  
Her heart and all her forces nether traine,  
Climb'd to her tongue, and thither fell her braine,  
Since it could goe no higher, and it must goe,  
All powers she had, even her tongue did so,



## Hero and Leander.

In spirit and quicknesse she much joy did take,  
And lov'd her tongue onely for quicknesse sake,  
And she would haite and tell. The rest all stay,  
*Hymen* goes on, the Nymph another way :  
And what became of her Ile tell at last,  
Yet take her visage now, moyst lip, long fac'd,  
Thin like an iron wedge, so sharpe and tart,  
As 'twere of purpose made to cleave loves heart.  
Well were this lovely beauty rid of her,  
And *Hymen* did at *Athens* now preferre  
His welcome suit, which he with joy aspir'd,  
A hundred princely youths with him retyr'd  
To fetch the Nymphs, Chariots and musicke went;  
And home they came, heaven with applauses rent.  
The Nuptials straight proceed, whiles all the towne,  
Fresh in their joyes, might doe them most renowne.  
First gold-lockt *Hymen* did to Church repaire,  
Like a quicke offering burn'd in flames of haire;  
And after with a Virgin firmament,  
The godhead proving Bride, attended went  
Before them, she tookt in her command,  
As if forme-giving *Cyprias* silver hand  
Grip'd all their beauties, and crusht out one flame :  
She blusht to see how beauty overcame  
The thoughts of all men. Next before her went  
Five lovely children, deckt with ornament  
Of her sweet colours, bearing torches by,  
For light was held a happy augury  
Of generation, whose efficient right,  
Is nothing else but to produce to light  
The odd disparent number, they did chuse  
To shew the union married loves should use,  
Since in two equall parts it will not sever,

## Hero and Leander. H

But the midst holds one to rejoyne it ever,  
As common to both parts: men therefore deeme,  
That equall number gods doe not esteeme,  
Being authors of sweet peace and unity,  
But pleasing to th' internall Empery;  
Vnder whose ensignes Wars and discords fight,  
Since an even number you may dis-unite  
In two parts equall, nought in middle left,  
To re-unite each part from other rest:  
And five they hold in most especiall price,  
Since 'tis the first odde number that doth rise  
From the two foremost numbers unity  
That odde and even are, which two and three,  
For one no number is, but thence doth flow  
The powerfull race of number. Next did goe  
A noble Matron, that did spinning beare  
A Huswives rocke and spindle, and did weare  
A Weathers skin, that all the snowy fleece;  
To intimate, that even the daintiest piece,  
And noblest borne dame should industrious be.  
That which does good, disgraceth no degree.

And now to *Juno's* temple they are come,  
Where her grave Priest stood in the marriage roome:  
On his right hand did hang a skarlet vaile,  
And from his shoulders to the ground did traile  
On either side, ribbands of white and blue,  
With the red vaile he hid the bashfull hue  
Of the chaste Bride, to shew the modest shame,  
In coupling with a man should grace a Dame.  
Then tooke he the disparent filkes, and tide  
The lovers by the wastes, and side to side,  
In token that hereafter they must binde  
In one selfe-sacred knot each others minde;

Before



## *Hero and Leander.*

Before them on an altar he presented  
Both fire and water, which was first invented,  
Since to ingenerate every humane creature,  
And every other birth produc'd by nature,  
Moisture and heate must mixe, so Man and Wife  
For humane race must joyne in nuptiall life.  
The one of *Iunoes* birds, the painted Jay  
He sacrific'd, and took the gall away.  
All which he did behinde the altar throw,  
In signe no hate of bitternesse should grow  
'Twixt married loves, nor any least disdain.  
Nothing they spake, for 'twas esteem'd too plaine,  
For the most silken mildnesse of a Maid,  
To let a publicke audience here it said,  
She boldly took the man: and so respected  
Was bashfulnesse in *Athens*, it erected  
To chaste *Agneia*, which is shamefastnesse,  
A sacred temple, holding her a goddesse,  
And now to Feasts, Maskes, and triumphant shewes,  
The shining troups return'd, even till earth throwes  
Brought forth with ioy the thickest part of night,  
When the sweet Nuptiall song, that us'd to cite  
All to their rest, was by *Phemoner* sung:  
First *Delphean* Prophetesse, whose graces sprung  
Out of the *Muses*, well she sung before  
The Bride into her Chamber, at which doore  
A Matron and a torch-bearer did stand,  
A painted boxe of Confits in her hand  
The Matron held, and so did other some  
That compass round the honoured Nuptiall roome.  
The custome was, that every maid did weare,  
During her maiden-head, a silken sphere,  
About her waste, about her inmost weed,

## Hero and Leander

Knit with *Minervas* knot, and that was freed  
By the faire Bridegroom on the marriage night,  
With many Ceremonies of delight,  
And yet eterniz'd *Hymens* tender Bride,  
To suffer it dissolv'd so sweetly cride.  
The Maids that heard, so lov'd, and did adore her,  
They wisht with all their hearts to suffer for her,  
So had the Matrons that with *Confus* stood  
About the chamber, such affectionate blood,  
And so true feeling of her harmlesse paines:  
That every one a showe of *Confus* raines,  
For which the Bride youths scrabbling on the ground,  
In noise of that sweet haile their cryes were drown'd:  
And thus blest *Hymen* joyd his gracious bride.  
And for his joy was after deicide.  
The Saffron mirror, by which *Phabus* love,  
Greene *Tellus* decks her, now he held above  
The cloudy mountains, and the noble Maid,  
Sharpe visag'd *Adolesce*, that was straid  
Out of her way in hasting with the newes,  
Not till his houre th' *Athenian* terrets viewes;  
And now brought home by guides, she heard by all,  
That her long kept occurrents should be stale,  
And how faire *Hymens* honours did excell  
For those rare newes which she came short to tell,  
To heare her deare tongue rob'd of such a joy,  
Made the well-spoken Nymph take such a toy,  
That downe she sunke, when lightning from above,  
Shrunke her leane body, and for meere free love,  
Turnd her into the pyed plum'd *Psittacus*,  
That now the Parrat is surnam'd by us;  
Who still with counterfeit confusion prates,  
Nought but newes common to the common'st mates.

This



## Hero and Leander. H

This told, strange *Teras* toucht her Lute and sung  
This dittie, that the torchy evening spring.

*Epithalmion Teras.*

Come, come deare night, loves Mart of kisses,  
Sweet close of this ambitious line,  
The fruitfull summer of his blisses,  
Loves glory doth in darknesse shine.  
O come soft rest of Cares, come night,  
Come naked vertues onely tire,  
That reapest harvest of the light,  
Bound up in sheaves of sacred fire.

*Love calls to warre,*

*Sighes his alarmes,*

*Lips his swords are,*

*The field his armes.*

Come night and lay thy velvet hand  
On glorious dayes outfacing face,  
And all thy crowned flames command  
For torches to our Nuptiall grace.

*Love calls to warre,*

*Sighes his alarmes,*

*Lips his swords are,*

*The field his armes.*

No need have we of fastious day,  
To cast in envy of thy peace,  
Herbals of discord in the way,  
Her beauties day doth never cease,  
Day is obstracted here,  
And varied in a triple sphere.

Hero, *Almaine*, Mya lo out-shine thee,

Ere thou come here, let *Theris* thrice refine thee.

*Love calls to warre,*

*Sighes his alarmes,*

## Hero and Leander.

*Lips his swords are,*

*The field his armes.*

The evening starre I see,

Rise, youths, the evening starre

Helpes love to summon warre,

Both now imbracing be.

Rise, youths, loves rite claimes more than bankets, rise,

Now the bright Marigolds that decke the skies,

*Phæbus* celestiaall flowers, that (contrary

To his flowers here) ope when he shuts his eye,

And shuts when he doth open, crowne your sports,

Now love in night, and night in love exhorts

Courtship and dances : all your parts employ,

And sute nights rich expansure with your joy,

Love paints his longings in sweet Virgins eyes,

Rise, youths, loves rite claimes more than bankets, rise,

Rise Virgins, let faire Naptiaall loves infold

Your fruitlesse bleasts, the maiden heads you hold

Are not your owne alone, but parted are,

Part in disposing them your parents are,

And that a third part is, so must ye save;

Your love's a third, and you your thirds must have.

Love paints his longings in sweet Virgins eyes,

Rise, youths, loves rite claimes more than bankets, rise,

Herewith the amorous spirit that was so kind

To *Teras* haire, and comb'd it downe with wind,

Still as it Comet-like brake from her braine,

Would needs have *Teras* gone, and did refraine

To blow it downe, which starting up dismayd

The timorous feast, and she no longer staid,

But bowing to the Bride-groome and the Bride,

Did like a shooting exhalation glide

Out of their fights, the turning of her backe

Made



## Hero and Leander.

Made them all shicke, it lookt so ghastly blacke,  
O haplesse *Hero*, that most haplesse cloud,  
Thy soone succeeding tragady fore-shew'd:  
Thus all the Nuptiall crue to joyes depart,  
But much-wrong'd *Hero* stood hel's blackest dart,  
Whose wound because I grieve so to display,  
I use digressions thus t'encrease the day.

*The end of the fifth Sestiad.*



The Argument of the sixth S E S T I A D.

**L** Eucote flies to all the Windes,  
And from the fates their outrage blinds,  
That *Hero* and her love may meet,  
Leander with Loves compleat fleet  
(And in himselfe) puts forth to Seas,  
When straight the ruthlesse Destinies,  
With art doe stir the windes to wars  
Vpon the Hellespont: their jrs  
Drowne poore Leander. Herocs eyes,  
Wet witnesses of his surpris,  
Her Torch blowne out: Griefe casts her downe  
Vpon her Love, and both doth drowne,  
In whose instruth the god of Seas  
Transformes them to th' *Acantides*.

**N**O longer could the day nor Destinies:  
Delay the night, who now did frowning rise  
Into her throne, and at her humorous breasts,  
Visions and drames lay sucking, all mens rests  
Fell like the mists of death upon their eyes,  
Dayes too long darts so kild their faculties.

The

## Hero and Leander.

The windes yet, like the flowers, to cease began,  
For bright *Leucote*, *Venus* whitest Swan,  
That held sweet *Hero* deare, spread her faire wings  
Like to a field of snow, and message brings  
From *Venus* to the fates, t' intreate them lay  
Their charge upon the windes, their rage to stay,  
That the sterne battell of the Seas might cease,  
And guard *Leander* to his love in peace.  
The Fates consent (aye me dissembling Fates)  
They shew'd their favours to conceale their hates,  
And draw *Leander* on, lest Seas too high  
Should stay his too obsequious Destiny,  
Who like a fleeting slavish parasite,  
In warping profit, or a trayterous sleight,  
Hoopes round his rotten body with devotes,  
And pricks his descant face full of false notes,  
Praising with open throat (and oathes as foule  
As his false heart) the beauty of an Owle,  
Kissing his skipping hand with charmed skips,  
That cannot leave, but leapes upon his lips,  
Like a Cocke-sparrow, or shamelesse queane,  
Sharpe at a red-lipt youth, and nought doth meane  
Of all his anticke shewes, but doth repaire  
More tender fawnes, and takes a scattered haire  
From his tame subjects shoulder, whips and calls  
For every thing he lacks, creepes against the wals  
With backward humblenesse, to give needlesse way:  
Thus his false fate did with *Leander* play.  
First to blacke *Eurus* flies the white *Leucote*,  
Borne 'mongst the Negros in the Levant Sea,  
On whose curl'd head the glowing Sun doth rise  
And shewes the soveraigne will of Destinies,  
To have him cease his blasts, and down he lies.

Next



## Hero and Leander.

Next to the fenny *Natus* course she holds,  
And found him leaning with his armes in folds  
Vpon a rocke, his white haire full of showres,  
And him she chargeth by the fatall powers,  
To hold in his wet cheekes his cloudy voyce,  
To *Zephire* then that doth in flowres rejoyce,  
To snake-foote *Boreas* next she did remove,  
And found him tossing of his raviht love,  
To heate his frosty bosome hid in snow,  
Who with *Leucotes* fight did cease to blow.  
Thus all were still to *Heroes* hearts desire,  
Who with all speed did consecrate a fire  
Of flaming gummes, and comfortable spice,  
To light her torch, which in such curious price  
She held, being object to *Leanders* sight,  
That nought but fires perfum'd must give it light.  
She lov'd it so, she griev'd to see it burne,  
Since it would waste, and soone to ashes turne;  
Yet if it burn'd not, 'twere not worth her eyes,  
What made it nothing; gave it all the prize.  
Sweet torch, true glasse of our society;  
What man does good, but he consumes thereby?  
But thou wert lov'd for good, held high, given show,  
Poore vertue loth'd for good, obscur'd, held low.  
Doe good, be pin'd, be deedlesse good disgraft,  
Unlesse we feed on men, we let them fast.  
Yet *Hero* with these thoughts her torch did spend;  
When Bees make waxe, Nature doth not intend  
I should be made a torch, but we that know  
The proper vertue of it, make it so,  
And when 'tis made, we light it: nor did nature  
Propose one life to maids, but each such creature  
Make by her soule the best of her true state.

## Hero and Leander. 35

Which without love is rude, disconsolate,  
And wants loves fire to make it milde and bright,  
Till when, maids are but torches wanting light.  
Thus 'gainst our griefe, not cause of griefe we fight,  
The right of nought is gleand, but the delight.  
Up went she, but to tell how she descended,  
Would God she were not dead, or my verse ended.  
She was the rule of wishes, summe and end,  
For all the parts that did on love depend,  
Yet cast the torch his brightnesse further forth,  
But what shines nearest best, holdes truest worth.

*Leander* did not through such tempests swim  
To kisse the torch, although it lighted him :  
But all his powers in her desires awaked,  
Her love and vertues cloath'd him richly naked,  
Men kisse but fire that onely shewes pursue,  
Her torch and *Hero*, figure, shew, and vertue.  
Now at oppos'd *Abydos* nought was heard,  
But bleating flocks, and many a bellowing herd,  
Slaine for th' Nuptials, crakes of falling woods,  
Blowes of broad axes, powring out of floods.  
The guilty *Hellepont* was mixt and staine'd  
With bloody torrent, that the shambles raine'd  
Not arguments of feasts, but shewes that bled,  
Foretelling that red night that followed.  
More bloud was spilt, more honours were addrest,  
Than could have graced any happy feast.  
Rich banquets, triumphes, every pompe imployes  
His sumptuous hand, no Misers Nuptiall joyes.  
Aire felt continuall thunder with the noyse,  
Made in the generall marriage violence,  
And no man knew the cause of his expence,  
But the two haplesse Lords, *Leanders* Sire,

And



## Hero and Leander.

And poore *Leander*, poorest where the fire  
Of credulous love made him most rich surpris'd,  
As short was he of that himselfe surpris'd:  
As in an empty Gallant full of forme,  
That thinks each looke an act, each drop a storme,  
That fells from his brave breathings, most brought up  
In our *Metropolis*, and hath his cup  
Brought after him to feasts, and much palme beares,  
For his rare judgement in th' attire he weares,  
Hath seene the hot Low-Countries, not their heat,  
Observes their rampires and their buildings yet,  
And for your sweet discourse with mouths is heard,  
Giving instructions with his very beard,  
Hath gone with an Embassador, and beene,  
A great mans mate in travelling, event to *Rhene*,  
And then puts all his worth in such a face,  
As he saw brave men make, and strives for grace  
To get his names forth, as when you descry  
A ship with all her sailes contends to fly  
Out of the narrow *Thames* with windes unapt,  
Now crosseth here, then there, then this way rapt,  
And then hath one poynt reacht, then alters all,  
And to another crooked reach doth fall,  
Of halfe a bird-bolts shoote, keeping more coile,  
Than if she danc't upon the Oceans toyle:  
So serious is his trifling company,  
In all his swelling ship of vacantry.  
And so short of himselfe in his high thought,  
Was our *Leander* in his fortunes brought,  
And in his fort of love that he thought won,  
But otherwise he scornes comparifon.  
O sweet *Leander*, thy large worth I hide  
In a short grave, ill favour'd stormes must chide

## Hero and Leander.

Thy sacred favour : I, in floods of inke,  
Must drowne thy graces, which white papers drinke ;  
Even as thy beauty did the foule blacke seas,  
I must describe the hell of thy disease,  
That heaven did merit, yet I needs must see  
Our painted fooles, and cockehorse peggantries,  
Still still usurpe, with long lives, loves and lust  
The seats of vertue ; cutting short as dust  
Her deare brought issue, ill to worse converts,  
And tramples in the blood of all deserts.

Night close and silent now goes fast before  
The Captaines and the souldiers to the shore,  
On whom attend the appoynted fleet  
At *Sestus* bay, that should *Leander* meet,  
Who feign'd he in another ship would passe,  
Which must not be, for no one meane there was  
To get his love home but the course he tooke.  
Forth did his beauty for his beauty looke,  
And saw her through her torch, as you behold  
Sometimes within the Sun a face of gold,  
Form'd in strong thoughts, by that traditions force,  
That saies a god sits there, and guides his course.  
His sister was with him, to whom he shewed  
His guide by sea, and said ; Oft have you viewed  
In one heaven many stars, but never yet  
In one starre many heavens till now were met.  
See lovely sister, see, now *Hero* shines,  
No heaven but hers appeares, each star repines,  
And all are clad in clouds, as if they mourn'd  
To be by influence of earth out-burn'd.  
Yet doth she shine, and teacheth vertues traine,  
Still to be constant in hels blackest raigne,  
Though even the gods themselves doe so intreat them,  
As



## *Hero and Leander.*

As they did hate, and earth as she would eate them,  
Off went his silke robe, and in he leapt,  
Whom the kinde waves so licorously cleapt,  
Thickning for haste one in another so,  
To kisse his skin, that he might almost goe  
To *Heroes* tower, had that kinde minute lasted,  
But now the cruell fates with *ste* hastened  
To all the windes, and made them battle fight  
Vpon the *Hellespont*, for eithers right,  
Pretended to the windy Monarchy,  
And forth they brake, the seas mixt with the *skye*,  
And tost distrest *Leander*, being in hell,  
As high as heaven : Blis not in height doth dwell,  
The Destinies fate dancing on the waves,  
To see the glorious windes with mutuall braves  
Consume each other. O true glasse to see,  
How ruinous ambitious Statists be  
To their owne glories : Poore *Leander* cryed  
For helpe to sea-borne *Venus*, she denyed  
To *Boreas*, that for his *Attneas* sake,  
He would some pittie on his *Hero* take ;  
And for his owne loves sake on his desires :  
But glory never blowes cold pitties fires.  
Then cald he *Neptune*, who through all the noyse  
Knew with affright his wrackt *Leanders* voyce,  
And up he rose, for haste his forehead hit  
Gainst heavens hard Chrystal, his proud waves he smit  
With his forked scepter, that could not obey,  
Much greater power then *Neptunes* gave them sway,  
They lov'd *Leander* so, in groanes they brake  
When they came neare him, and such space did take  
Twixt one another, loth to issue on,  
That in their shallow furrowes earth was shewne,

## Hero and Leander.

And the poore Lover tooke a little breath,  
But the curst fates fate spinning of his death  
On every wave, and with the servile windes  
Tumbled them on him. And now *Hero* findes  
By that she felt her deare *Leanders* state ;  
She wept, and prayed for him to every fate,  
And every winde that whipt her with her haire  
About the face, she kist, and spake it faire,  
Kneeld to it, gave it drinke out of her eyes  
To quench his thirst, but still their cruelties.  
Even her poore torch envied, and rudely beate  
The bating flame from that deare food it eate:  
Deare, for it nourisht her *Leanders* life,  
Which with her robe she rescu'd from their strife,  
But silke too soft was, such hard yearts to breake,  
And she, deare soule, even as her silke, faint weake,  
Could not preserve it out : O out it went.  
*Leander* still cald *Neptune*, that now rent  
His brakish curles, and tore his wrinkled face,  
Where teares in billowes did each other chase,  
And (burst with ruth) he hurld his marble mace  
At the sterne Fates, it wounded *Lachesis*,  
That drew *Leanders* thread, and could not misse  
The thread it selfe, as it her hand did hit,  
But smote it full, and quite did sunder it,  
The more kinde *Neptune* rag'd, the more he rac'd  
His loves lives fort, and kild as he embrac'd ;  
Anger doth still his owne mis-hap encrease:  
If any comfort live it is in peace.  
O theevish Fates, to let Blood, Flesh and Sence,  
Build two faire Temples for their excellence,  
To rob it with a poysoned influence.  
Though soules gifts sterue, the bodies are held deare



## Hero and Leander

In ugliest things, Sense-sport preserves a Beare,  
But here nought serves our turnes : O heaven and earth  
How most wretched is our humane birth  
And now did all the tyrannous crue depart,  
Knowing there was a storme in *Heroes* heart,  
Greater than they could make, and skorn'd their smart.  
She bowed her selfe so low out of her tower,  
That wonder 'twas she fell not ere her houre,  
With searching the lamenting waves for him,  
Like a poore snail, her gentle supple lim  
Hung on her turrets top, so most downe right,  
As she would dive beneath the darknesse quite,  
To find her Jewell, Jewell, her *Leander*,  
A name of all earths jewels pleas'd not her  
Like his deare name, *Leander* still my choise :  
Come nought but my *Leander* : O my voyce  
Turne to *Leander* ; henceforth be all sounds  
Accents and phrases, that shew all griefes wounds,  
Analys'd in *Leander*. O blacke change :  
Trumpets, doe you with thunder of your clange,  
Drive out this changes horror, my voyce faints,  
Where all joy was, now shricke out all complaints.  
Thus cryed she, for her mixt soule could tell  
Her love was dead : And when the morning fell,  
Prostrate upon the weeping earth for woe,  
Blushes that bled out of her cheekes did shew,  
*Leander* brought by *Neptune* bruis'd and torne  
With Cities ruines, he to rocks had worne,  
To filthy usuring rocks that would have blood,  
Though they could get of him no other good.  
She saw him, and the sight was much much more,  
Then might have serv'd to kill her, should her store  
Of gyant sorrowes speake : burst, dye, bleed,

And

## *Hero and Leander*

And leave poore plants to us that shall succeed  
She fell on her Loves bolome, hugg'd it fast.  
And with *Leanders* name she breath'd her last.  
*Neptune* for pittie in his armes did take them,  
Plung them in the fire and did awake them:  
Like two sweete buds, surnam'd th' *Acanthides*,  
Which we call Thistle-warpes, that nere no seas  
Dare ever come, but still in couples flie,  
And feed on thistle-tops to testifie  
The hardnesse of their first life in their last:  
The first in thornes of love that sorrowes past,  
And so most beautifull their colours shew,  
As none (so little) like them; her sad brow  
A sable yet feather covers quite:  
Even like the forehead cloath that in the night,  
Or when they sorrow, Ladies us'd to weare  
Their wings blew, red and yellow mixt appeare,  
Colours that as we construe colours paint  
Their states to life, the yellow shewes their faint,  
The dainty *Venus* left them blue, their truth,  
Their red and blacke ensignes of death and ruth,  
And thus true honour from their love-death sprung:  
They were the first that ever Poet sung.

FINIS

